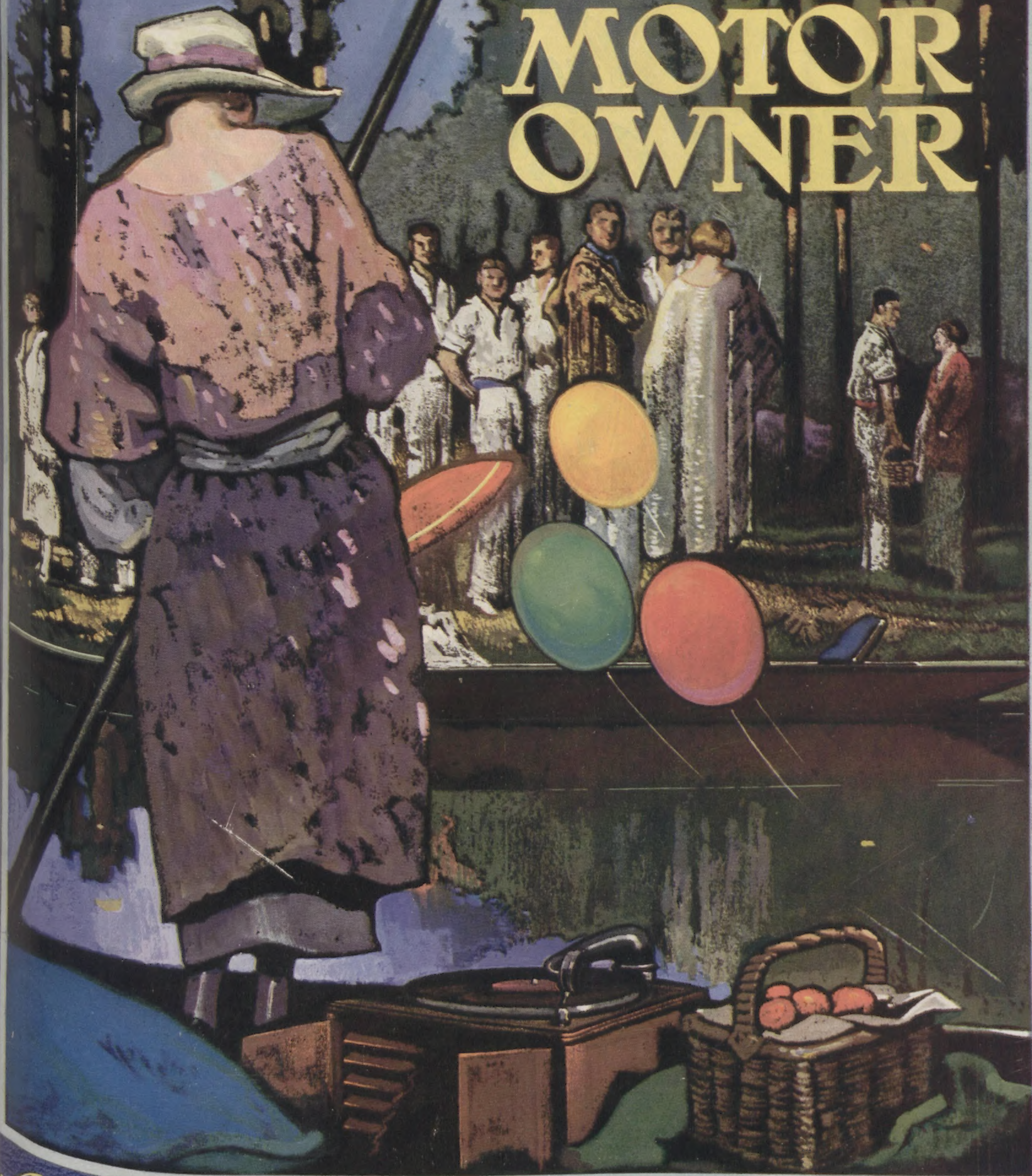


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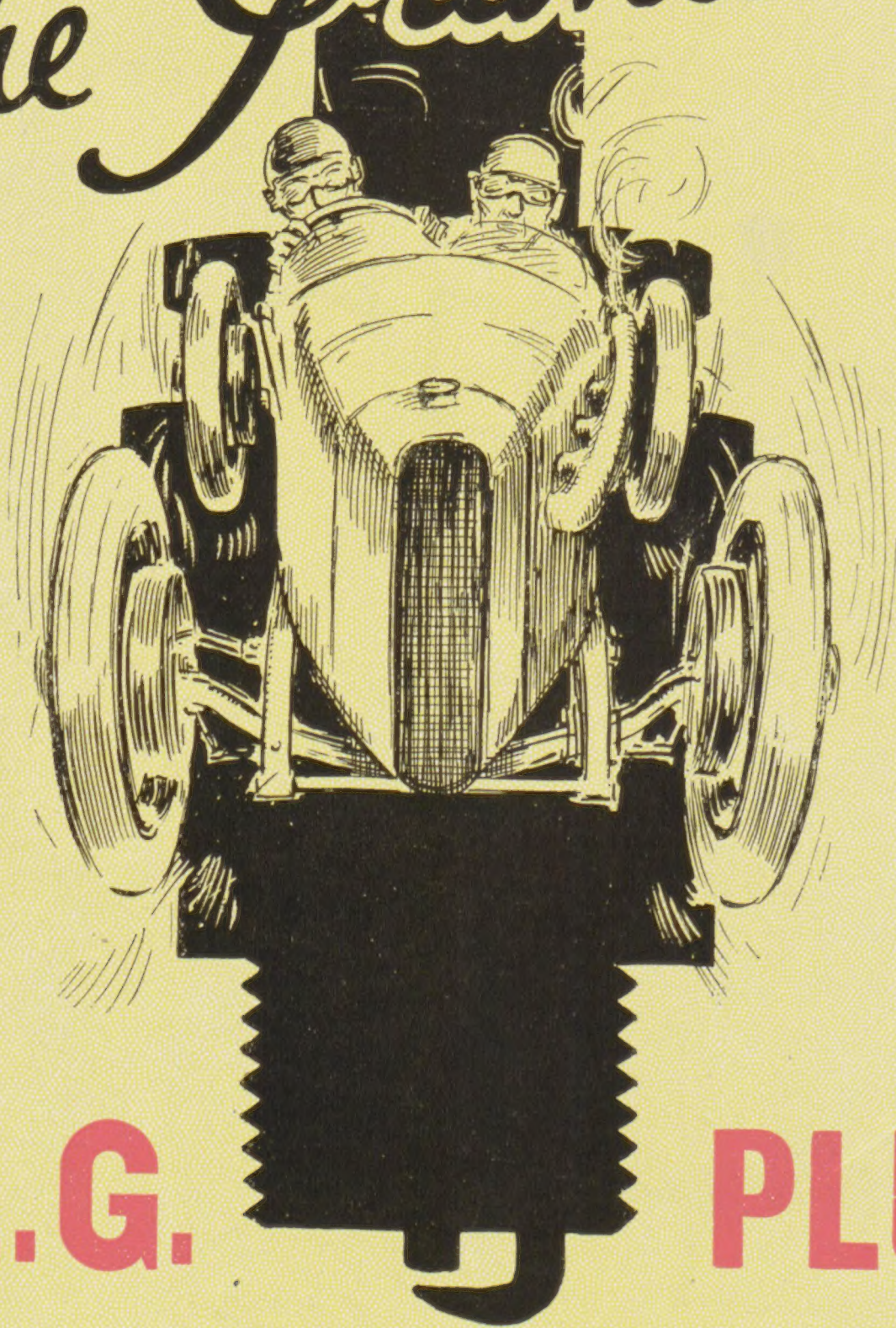


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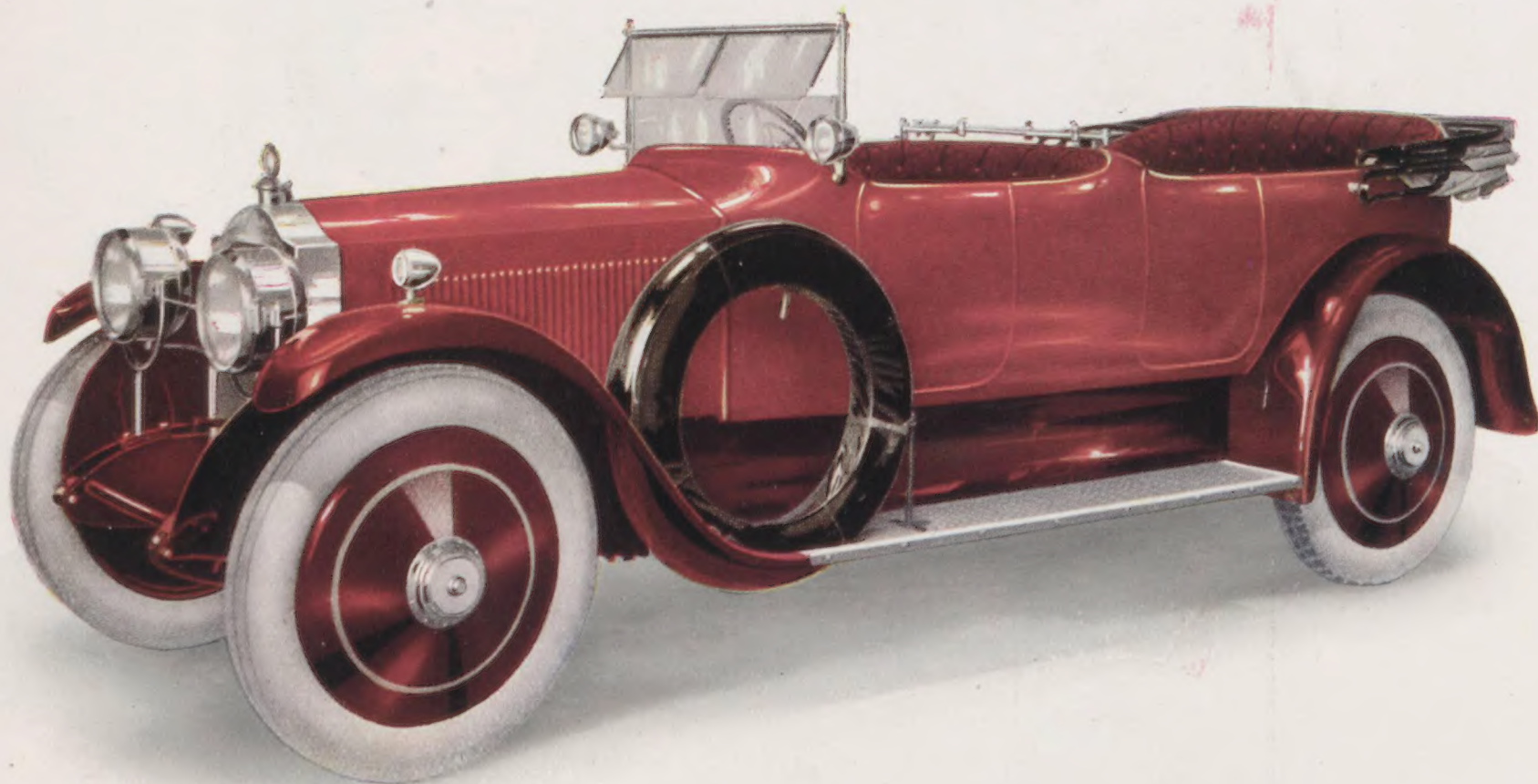
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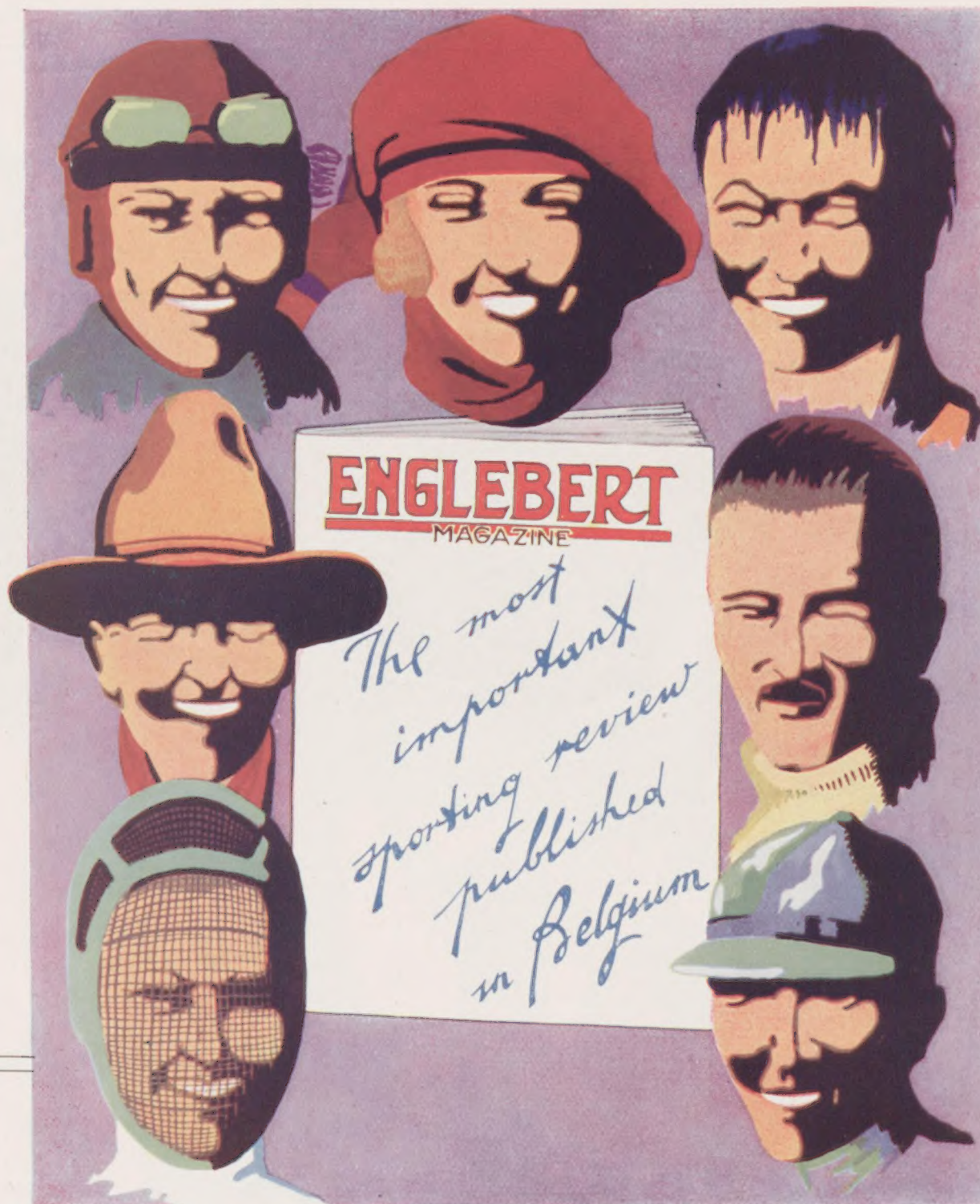
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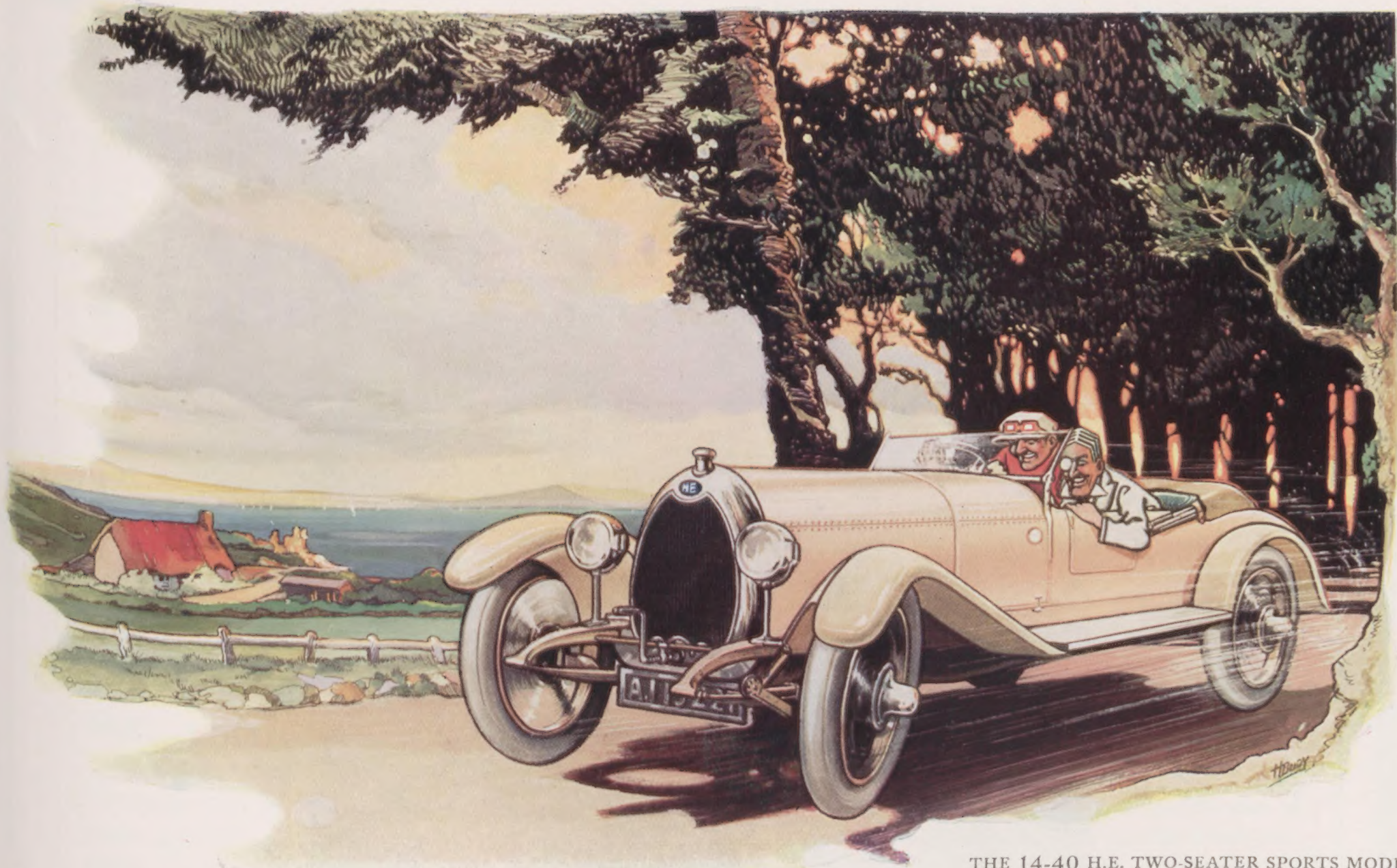
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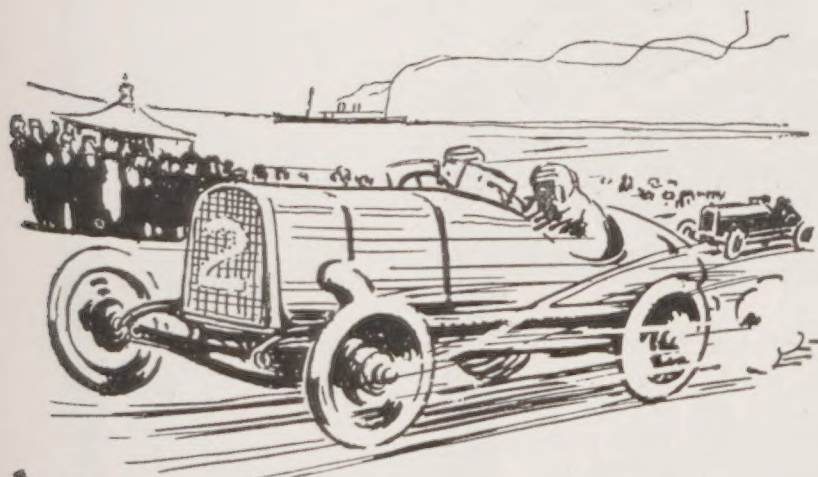
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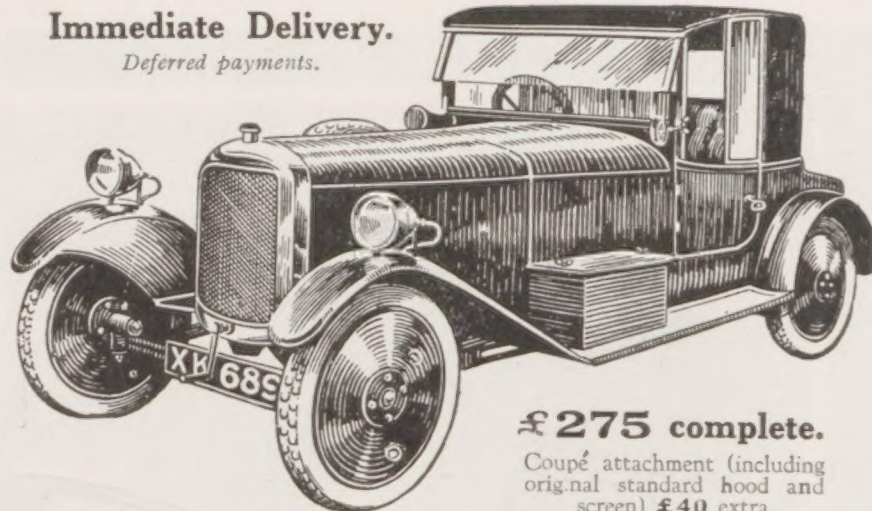
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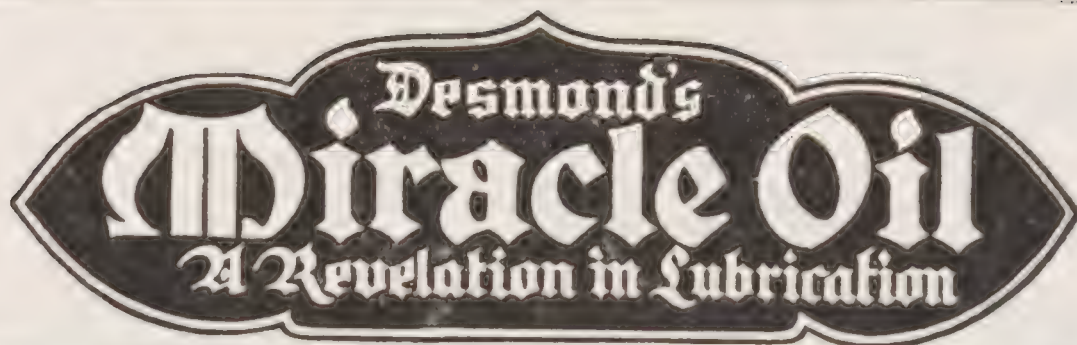
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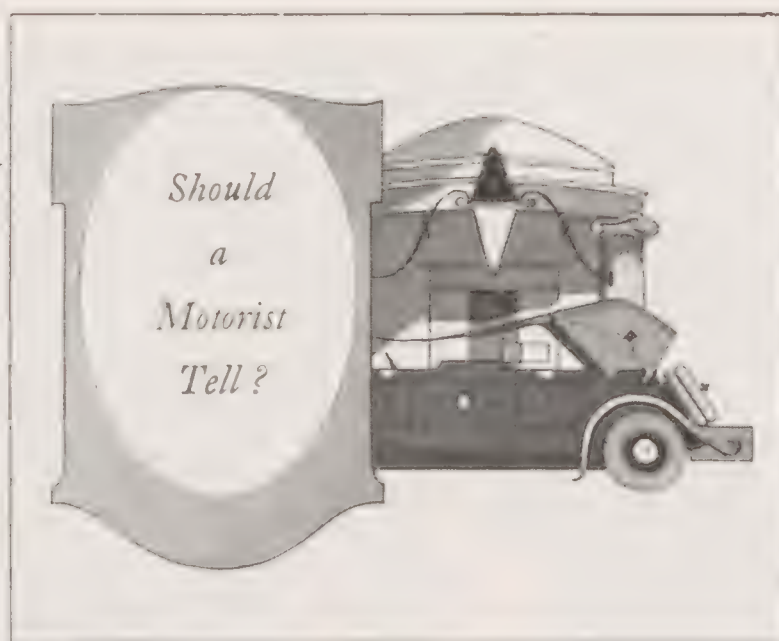
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# THE MOTOR-OWNER

AUGUST  
1922



VOL. IV  
NO. 39

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Telephone No., Gerrard 2377 (3 lines). Telegraphic Address, "Peripubco, Rand, London."

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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.



*T H E   S E C O N D   M R S .   T A N Q U E R A Y .*



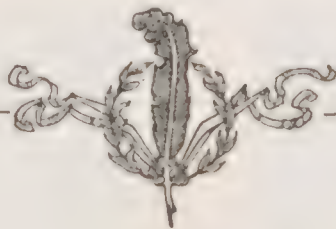
*A charming study of Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Buckmaster) and her children. Miss Cooper is at present appearing in what is distinctly the triumph of her career—the name part in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."*



SHOULD A MOTORIST TELL?

# AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

*"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.*



## FATUOUS STUPIDITY.

THE recent London-Edinburgh ride of the Duke of Leinster calls for strong condemnation from every sane motorist. The most charitable view we can take is to hope that an error was made in the timing. Otherwise every really capable driver who really knows what high average road speed means will be glad to know that the feat does not stand to his discredit. And that is our opinion of this particular piece of fatuous stupidity.

Now comes the question of such stunts in general. The practical encouragement we constantly give to every species of motoring sport proves our healthy outlook on the subject. But the development of the car and road conditions make it very necessary to draw a sane line of demarcation between sport and taking undue risks with other people's lives. It is time to call "enough" to all these road stunts. We do not care a brass farthing who or what holds the London-Coventry or the London-Brighton record. It is a doubtful credit to the driver and only a partial credit to the machine—as the traffic conditions constitute a varying quantity. With the capabilities of the present-day car and the possibilities of present-day traffic conditions, there is only one sane method of road-racing. And that is when the roads are closed for the specific event. It is time for these town-to-town stunts to stop. Let them be stopped.

## SHOULD A MOTORIST TELL?

Should a motorist tell? Luckily the query does not frequently present itself. It is difficult to answer. From collegiate days a wholesome aversion to "tale-telling" is instilled in one's nature. Who is to say when that natural distaste for tale-telling becomes a duty? Obviously there is such a point. If, for example, one saw a car cause the death of a human being, one's duty as a citizen would be to report the

fact. Suppose, however, that a valuable dog was killed in similar circumstances? Is it then the beholder's duty to report the fact, or will it be telling tales? It is difficult to say.

The point arises from an incident in our own practical experience. We saw car number N.O.—smash up a cycle delivery van. The driver of the car looked round, saw the havoc, and drove away. We gave chase, noted the make of car and its number.

On returning, we found the unfortunate youth sadly reviewing the wreck. As he put it, he would get the sack. We wrote to his firm exonerating him from any possible blame. The firm now want the number of the car. Should we give it or should we not? Is it a duty to divulge that knowledge or would it be telling tales? We ask the views of our readers and will act on the majority opinion.

## MRS. JANSON AND MR. EDGE.

Two doughty people these! We raise our Editorial hat to them. They have done well and merit hearty congratulations. Elsewhere in this issue we record their respective feats in the double twelve hours' records at Brooklands. That a young—and charming—lady like Mrs. Janson should be able to annex records on a motor bicycle in two twelve-hour stretches speaks much for her virility, stamina, courage, determination and physique. It also speaks in the highest possible terms of the absolute dependability of the Trump J.A.P. motor-bicycle she rode—a little affair of 248 c.c. with a performance capacity in directly opposing ratio to its rating.

Then—ladies first, *n'cest pas*, Mr. Edge?—we have our old friend, S. F., showing the younger generation what a real enthusiast can do. His performance on the Spyker car is equally commendable. Like most of us, he is not so young as he used to be, and the achievement is one of which he may be quite legitimately proud.

## WHICH IS MORE DIFFICULT?

These records raise the question, "Which is the more difficult—the 24 hours' record or the double-twelve?" There are points for and against in each case. It has been fairly generally assumed—and stated—that the double twelve is the harder test. We do not agree. For the human element, the continuous 24 hours is obviously more exacting. We believe that what obtains for the driver is equally applicable to the machine. It is argued that when the engine cools down in the interval of the double-twelve the engine will distort—and so on. That only shows ignorance of up-to-date designing principles. Engines are designed to cool down properly nowadays. The argument would have been true some years ago. It is not now. We consider the continuous 24 hours much the more strenuous event.

Is it possible to revive it? It would seem that with efficient silencers a record-breaking car would not inconvenience the local residents. And cars can run nearly as fast with a good silencer as without. In fact, if part of the essential air resistance were employed on an exhaust-fan silencer, it is conceivable that a gain might be obtained. Anyhow, it would be worth the experiment. We should like to see the twenty-four hour records reinstated, with adequate guards for the comfort of the local residents. We think such records would prove more popular than the double-twelve.

## A GOLF CONTROVERSY.

To many golfers the tree hazard is anathema. Elsewhere in this issue there is a descriptive article on the fine new course being constructed at Addington. To the anti-tree hazardists it will come as a shock to learn that such a hazard is wilfully embodied in the lay-out of this new course. It is designed to demand accurate play on a dog-leg hole. Is that sufficient justification to appease those who decry the tree hazard? We invite the opinions of our golfing readers.



## WHY BRITISH CARS COST MORE.

# WHAT'S WRONG, ANYHOW?

By Captain E. de Normanville.

*A leading personality in the British motor industry has asked an unpleasant question of the scare order. Capt. de Normanville analyses it, and shows how part of the difficulty can be met, and where and why it is also partially insurmountable.*

LET me begin with a quotation. I grant that it is unusual—possibly not even the best form, as I am not permitted to give you the author's name. But this is the quotation: "Suppose the import duty on foreign motor-cars were abolished, is it not a fact that the bulk of the British motor manufacturing industry would have to shut up shop in six months?" The gentleman who fires that at me is one of the leading lights of the retail British motor industry. I used to like him. I am not so sure that I do now. He's a nasty person. One does not like those unpleasant bombshells.

But some genius once said that one's best friend is one's worst enemy—if only you use the enmity to proper advantage. There may be truth in that. The quotation I have given you is not complimentary to us Britishers. It is not even friendly. It may, however, be intended as a friendly warning—I believe it is. Shall we analyse it and see whether anything to our own advantage can be deduced?

To start with, the statement is very sweeping—too sweeping. But dare you deny that there is a good substratum of truth in it? Under present conditions I fear there is. What are the conditions? Take some of the leading inexpensive imported cars. Reduce their present prices by a third to represent the elimination of the duty now existing, and make a few value-for-money comparisons. The result is not too pleasing from the point of view of the British manufacturer. Viewed quite apart from any semblance

of political consideration, the time is certainly not ripe for removing the import duty on motor-cars.

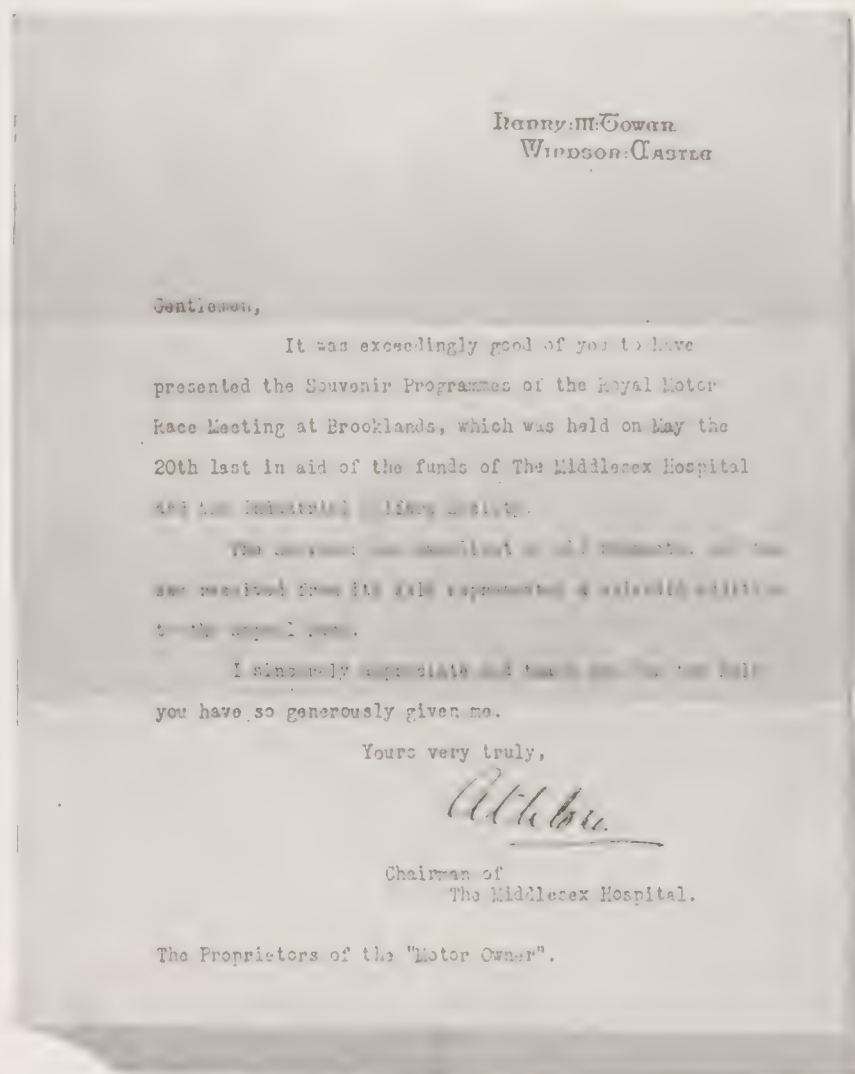
You may be tempted to ask, When will it be ripe? Can the British manufacturer ever compete level on the value-for-money basis with the American producer? That is a very nasty question. It would require someone with more knowledge of the subject than I can hope to have, to give a conclusive answer. Some leading British manufacturers tell me, "Yes, certainly." Others say, "No, certainly not." It would, therefore,

be unwise for me to appear too didactic on the point.

I think, however, there are some points upon which I can give you information. To start with, the British manufacturer can never enjoy such a large potential market as his American rival. That is a factor greatly to the detriment of the Britisher. What we term the economic production point for motor-cars is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 10,000 a year of one particular type without any variation whatsoever. One may hope—but the likelihood of that production materialising in the near future in this country is but small. In that factor, then, we have one of the chief difficulties with which the British manufacturer has to contend. And unfortunately we see that it is a difficulty over which we have no control—upon which we can exercise no remedial influence.

There is another very important item. It is difficult to deal with, because every inquiry one makes produces a different reason for the fact. Consequently we must stick to the fact itself for the moment. That fact is as follows. The American mechanic, for a given unit of wages and in a given time, turns out a materially larger amount of work of a given quality than the average British mechanic does. Now you can have all sorts of reasons given you for that fact. I am not going to take sides one way or the other. It may be the fault of the trade unions—not as such, but as applied—or it may not.

The point that matters is the blunt fact. So long as it obtains the British manufacturer will be labouring under a serious difficulty.



"The Motor-Owner" is always willing to give a helping hand in a good cause. This letter from the Earl of Athlone shows how successful our efforts proved in regard to the Souvenir Programme or the Royal Race Meeting at Brooklands.



# *SOUTHSEA TO HOLD A MOTOR SPEED CARNIVAL.*



*Mr. G. H. Cox is the Chairman of the Southsea Motor Speed Carnival Committee. He is well known in the motor industry and one of the leading agents on the South Coast.*



*His Worship the Mayor of Portsmouth, Alderman Albert E. Porter, Esq., J.P., who hopes to raise a considerable sum for the local hospital by the aid of the Carnival.*



*Southsea is holding a Motor Speed Carnival on August 23rd, commencing at 2 p.m. The event is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of York, of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Hon. Sir Somerset A. Gough-Calthorpe, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,*

*C.V.O., and of Colonel-Commandant E. F. Girdwood, C.B., C.M.G., and is in aid of the Mayor of Portsmouth's Hospital Fund. The chief item on the programme is the open event for the "Motor - Owner Challenge Cup" here illustrated.*



# OUR TENNIS CHALLENGE CUP.

*The M.O. Tennis Challenge Cup offered for competition amongst the members of the London Country Club was played off last month. Although the weather was contrary, the event proved highly successful, and promises to become an annual function of keen sporting interest.*

IT cannot be said that the weather did its best to foster the joys of the first M.O. Tennis Challenge Cup event at the London Country Club. In fact, friends Boreas and Pluvius, though not actual entrants, took quite an important part in the tournament. And no one liked either of them a little bit. Despite these unpleasant factors, it may safely be said that everyone enjoyed the event thoroughly.

From the sporting point of view, this challenge cup put up by the M.O. for members of the London Country Club created a precedent. We do not think that the back marker at tennis has ever previously had an opportunity of competing on a theoretically level basis for a valuable cup. There are, of course, any number of handicap events at all tennis clubs, but the prize obtainable is based on the fact that it is handicap. But the tennis players and the tennis committee of the London Country Club are good sportsmen, and readily agreed to our suggestion that the cup should be played for on a handicap basis.

Thus it came about that Mr. C. T. Chamberlaine, in receipt of 30, waltzed off with the M.O. Challenge Cup for the first year. We use the word "waltzed" with a certain amount of premeditation—and also a certain amount of justification. Mr. Chamberlaine *did* waltz off with it! Generally speaking, the handicapping (always an extremely difficult task) was very good indeed, but the Committee did not think that Mr. Chamberlaine was quite such a good player as he is, so that he had a series of fairly easy victories. None the less, that is in no way his fault, but only his good fortune, and we most heartily congratulate him on his success. So far as we could judge, he only had one really anxious time, and that was when he came up against Mr. Noel Martin in the third round, the first set going to the ultimate victor by the closely fought margin of 8/6. Both these gentlemen

## A NEW CHALLENGE.

*Our Readers v. The Trade.*

FOLLOWING the great success of this event, we suggest a tennis match on a smaller though equally interesting basis, between our readers and the motor trade. The date proposed is Wednesday afternoon, September 13th. On behalf of his readers, the Editor hereby throws down the gauntlet of a challenge to the motor and allied industries. Will gentlemen willing and eligible to play for either side kindly send in their names and handicaps? The match will be played at the London Country Club—six a side in the usual way—and as there are some very keen players in the motor industry we hope some of our readers equally capable will come along to assure a keen match.

are associated with the motor industry, Mr. Chamberlaine being allied with the Gordon Watney interests, and Mr. Noel Martin with the Good Maxwell. In the second set the winner used his famous (when you're playing against it, it's infamous) chop stroke with deadly effect, and won easily. And thereafter his path of victory was strewn with roses.

Several very good games were witnessed during the course of the competition. In the second round Mr. H. C. Cowen beat Capt. W. F. Clarke 7/5, 3/6, 6/2, and the play was even better than the score indicates, and deuce was frequently in evidence in the last two sets. Mr. Cowen's next victim in the top half of the handicap was Mr. G. H. Kaestlin, who plays a particularly good game. But the hand of the handicapper was heavy on him, and the owe 15.2 was a trifle too much.

In the lower half of the handicap, Brig.-Gen. Kearsley showed good form in his victory over Mr. G. A. W. Heath, and also took the first set against Mr. J. Knights Trench in the fourth round. But as the latter gentleman appeared in the semi-final, it will be gathered that the gallant General could not drive home his offensive: he just lost the final set 5/7—a keen and arduous fight.

When we come to the final, we have to record a "procession" for Mr. Chamberlaine by a large margin. In fact, it was so large that the least said the better! As we have already indicated, the handicappers had not credited Mr. Chamberlaine with the aggressive game and reliability which he possesses. Consequently, Mr. Knights Trench had to try and smile and look pleasant under a decisive defeat in an unequal encounter. His hearty congratulations to the winner were a credit to true British sportsmanship. None the less the event proved highly enjoyable, and promises to become more and more keenly competed for. It is hoped to make arrangements next year so that an even larger competition will be possible.



Major Sir Lionel Alexander, Bart., D.S.O., the Secretary of the Club, kindly acted as referee.



DID HE SQUARE THE HANDICAPPERS?



*A few of the competitors grouped in happy mood before any of them had received a quietus! Second from the left is the winner, Mr. C. T. Chamberlaine. Standing at the back is Mr. Percy Charnaud, with Mr. G. H. Kaestlin on his immediate left—both very redoubtable players. On the extreme right is Mr. Donnisthorpe, the Club professional, and next to him is Mr. Noel Martin, of the Maxwell company—one of the leading players in the motor industry.*



*On the left is Mr. C. T. Chamberlaine, the winner; and on the right the runner-up, Mr. J. Knights Trench.*



SOCIETY IN SECLUSION.



*A family group, in sylvan surroundings, happily portraying Mrs. Chas. Jocelyn Hambro, daughter of Mr. John Dupuis and Lady Evelyn Cobbold, and her two children—Cynthia and Diana. Mr. Chas. Hambro is the son of Sir Chas. Eric Hambro, K.B.E.*



*I N   A   N O R W I C H   N U R S E R Y .*



*Mrs. G. R. Colman with her two children, taken at Bixley Manor, Norwich. Mrs. Colman is the daughter of Mr. C. R. W. Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridge, and her husband—Capt. Colman—is the eldest son of Mr. R. J. Colman, of Crown Point, Norwich.*



# FROGMALION AND CUPID.

By Fred Gillett.

*A Humorous Story of the Strange Experiences of a Motor Mascot.*

**H**IS name, Frogmalion, is a mixture of the statuesque and the Pogological. He had a squat figure, short arms, and very long legs, but he had beautiful, gem-like eyes. He had no more forehead than a barnacle, and his eyes were so prominent that they stood up above his head. They were overhead eyes. The rest of his face consisted of a perpetual smile, which would have extended from ear to ear had he possessed any visible ears. You will gather that he was rather out of the ordinary, especially when I add that he was made of bronze and was about two inches high.

He was a most enthusiastic motorist, and always occupied a seat on the radiator cap. He was, in fact, a bronze frog-shaped mascot. Frogmalion realised his position of trust and felt that his owner was a discerning man to put him at that responsible post. He considered the radiator his Department, of which he was the head. "If it wasn't for me sitting here," he thought, "the whole thermo-syphon system of this car would filter out, and there'd be a drought," and though his post was a sinecure, he felt as proud as a turncock in charge of a reservoir.

Frogmalion was a great thinker. That's all he could do—think. He couldn't move because he was made of bronze, but the thoughts that he think were tremendous for so small a brain. They were concentrated brain-waves.

His owner's name was Tony—in full, Anthony Rollesley. Tony often used to drive to a large country house at about tea-time and stay a long time, while Frogmalion sat on the radiator and wondered why Tony called at this particular house so often. Sometimes a pretty girl, named Pearl, would come to the door to see Tony off. It entered Frogmalion's head that perhaps she was the attraction, and that Tony regarded her as a new sort of mascot to bring him luck. However, he thought her rather light and

flippant for men of serious tastes and interests, like Tony and himself. She used to chaff Tony, and on one occasion she patted Frogmalion and said, "He's a nice little chap, and rather like you, Mr. Rollesley." Frogmalion appreciated the compliment, and hoped Tony did.

At last Frogmalion discovered why Tony found Pearl so attractive. It came all over him suddenly, like a flooded float-chamber. It happened like this. Frogmalion had been left (in charge of the car, of course) outside Wisley Hut one afternoon. His car was one of a number parked by the roadside. He sat dreamily on the radiator cap, listening to make certain that the water in his Department was not "pinking," and keeping a sharp look-out for motor thieves, and feeling happy to think he had been born a bronze frog instead of a registration book, when his brilliant eyes, gazing upwards, received such a thrill as is experienced by an astronomer when "some new planet swims into his ken."

The car next to him was one of those large, friendly limousines which never seem to be in the way, in spite of their size. It was not the car, however, but the mascot on its radiator which had dazzled Frogmalion's head-lights.

She was made of silver. Her slim, graceful figure stood with body slightly bending forward and the arms stretched behind her mingling with the gossamer draperies that floated in her wake.



*Frogmalion's first glimpse of the shimmering beauty of the mascot gracefully poised on a lordly limousine.*

Her face, like Cassandra's, seemed to be gazing into the unknown future—possibly at hopeful visions of a revival in industry and a slump in taxation.

Now Frogmalion understood. Now he knew why Tony was attracted by Pearl. For the first time in his career as a mascot Frogmalion had experienced an emotion. Hitherto he had only felt brain waves. Now it was a heart wave. He knew now that he was not all bronze. Somewhere at the phosphor core of him there was some sort of a something wonderful, and it was enclosed in metal and could not escape or express itself. And she, that silvery nymph poised on the radiator cap of the big car, stood perpetually on the brink of a leap that was never taken, with her heart—if any—enclosed in exquisitely modelled silver.

"And this," thought Frogmalion, "is love." He added sadly and bitterly, "And then they say that mascots are lucky! Oh, lucky Jim!"

While he reflected on their mutual isolation, he saw Pearl come out of the hotel gardens with a party of friends. She seemed distressed about something. They got into the limousine and drove off, while Frogmalion watched Cassandra on the radiator cap, standing in her eager, questing attitude, glide away from his vision like a silver ghost. His impulse was to leap off his pedestal and follow like a kangaroo in a series of record-breaking pogo jumps. But a bronze statuette can't jump any better than Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" could after a full meal of small shot. So the Frogmalion statuette remained *in statu quo*.

When Tony came out Frogmalion heard him mutter, as he stooped over the starting handle, "So that's that! No luck for me! She's cold, heartless! Must be made of marble!"

Frogmalion was able to sympathise with his owner. So these human beings when in love were almost as helpless and isolated as metal mascots.



## AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS!

"After all," soliloquised Tony, "there are as good oysters in the sea as ever came out of it. She's not the only native on the Whitstable beach. Unfortunately, she's the only Pearl. Hard, very hard! Hard as a marble statue, and perhaps, after all, the idol has feet of clay!"

"I'm learning things," thought Frogmalion. "Tony and myself are hard outside, but soft inside. But this girl Pearl, though looking soft and yielding as a pink peach, has a macadamised heart and clay feet. What a strange world it is!"

When the car got back to its garage Frogmalion (having finished his day's aquatic work) sat on the pinnacle of his Department and thought long of the lovely little lady made of silver. He thought of her graceful attitude—"forward, but not too fast," it seemed to suggest—and contrasted his own squat figure, which Pearl had unkindly compared to Tony's.

He thought so much about the silver lady's attitude that he found himself wishing he had been moulded like that, standing on his long hind legs with his short front legs extended behind him. From wishing he even went as far as trying, and by the morning he was so wrapt up in the idea of himself as a biped that he fancied he was already standing on his hind legs, having achieved the impossible by an unceasing auto-suggestive effort of thinking his thoughts into action. In imagination—to him reality—he stood up and squatted down on his pedestal several times experimentally. Ah! if she were only by to witness his new achievement! But where was she? Gone, and he might never see her again. What use was it to be able to attitudinize like a young swimmer on the margin of the River Radiator if there was no nymph to see him do it?

Tony came into the garage to take the car out. Frogmalion tried to stand up and show off his new trick to his owner, but found he couldn't. Possibly such performances as he had achieved are only workable in the absence of human eyes. Highly probable.

"Well, old man," said Tony, addressing the mascot, "let's keep on smiling. Try to bring me some luck to-day."

Frogmalion wanted to get up and bow to signify that he would do his best. He wanted to take off his hat as he had seen a mechanical toy do in the street, but he felt paralysed.

As they drove along Frogmalion found himself getting warmer and

warmer. Something was going wrong with the water-works. What was Tony thinking of? He wanted to tell Tony that things were not going smoothly in his Department. He wanted to tell him that the radiator was trying to run itself as a steam engine without a safety valve. Tony was evidently so distracted with regrets for his lost Pearl that he was running the car indiscreetly. At last, up a steep hill, matters reached such a pitch that Frogmalion felt he must send in a report about his Department to headquarters to say that Thermo and Syphon were about to dissolve partnership and scrap the hyphen which connected them. He reported the crisis in the only way he could. With a loud report the radiator cap was blown off and Frogmalion went sailing away over the back of the car in a cloud of steam and landed just at the edge of the roadside, where he lay immovable for a long time.

Then he thought of his new achievement. He found himself on his hind legs with his arms twisted behind him and his body bent forward. Quite involuntarily he had assumed that attitude. Moreover, he seemed to have acquired the biped pose permanently, for when he tried to squat down he couldn't. He was glad. He was more like the silver Cassandra now.

To his dismay, the car had gone. He was far from home. To hop the distance was out of the question, especially with the radiator cap sticking to his feet. He thought of his poor Department, deprived of its fountain head—just as pathetically as the holder of a Whitehall sinecure might wonder how his staff was managing during his long vacation.

He waited a long time. Days it seemed. But he was patient. He watched every car that passed, hoping his owner would find him. At last a large, quiet car came up the hill. To his joy it proved to be the big limousine

mascoated by his silver Cassandra. What a stroke of luck—helped by the long connecting-rod of coincidence! He tried to wave his arms to attract the chauffeur's attention, but they remained fixed behind him. The chauffeur didn't see him, but Cassandra must have, for she suddenly made a flying leap into the road. He broke her fall, and in another moment they were in each other's arms—at least they would have been had not both their pairs of arms been stretched out behind them immovably.

The chauffeur stopped the big car.

"What's the matter, Wilkins?" asked Pearl's voice from the limousine.

"Mascot fallen off, miss. Must have shook loose."

The chauffeur got out and walked back a little way. Then he stopped and laughed and said, "Well, I never!" He walked back to the car, restraining his amusement, and touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, miss, but would you mind just getting out and looking at something funny?"

"What is it, Wilkins?" asked the maiden rather petulantly. "I'm not in the mood for appreciating anything funny."

"It's worth looking at, miss. Funniest sight you ever saw."

Pearl got out of the car.

"There," said the chauffeur. "I didn't arrange them like that. That's just how I found them. She must have fallen just where that other mascot has dropped off somebody else's car."

In the road lay two mascots, one a bronze frog, the other a silver nymph. Both had their arms stretched behind them and their bodies bent forward so that their lips were touching.

"They say mascots bring luck. But it looks as if they'd brought themselves more luck than they've brought us," chuckled the chauffeur as he handed the two mascots to Pearl.

She took one in each hand.

"My poor, beautiful mascot," said Pearl. "She's broken off at the ankles."

Frogmalion felt a spasm of reminiscent pain. Had his idol only got clay feet, after all?

"She must have had a bad knock," said Wilkins. "A little solder will mend it. Her feet are all right."

Frogmalion felt relieved.

"This looks like Mr. Rollesley's mascot," said Pearl. "But it's had a fall and got twisted. Drive straight to Mr. Rollesley's house. Don't say mascots don't bring luck, Wilkins. Mine has found his for him."



*Frogmalion finds his heart's desire in the glinting eye and glittering hair of "The Motor-Owner" Mascot.*



## GRAND PRIX SENSATIONS.

*Although the capacity of the engines was reduced by a third, the average speed was greater than last year. Unfortunately the event was marred by a fatal accident.*

**A**LTHOUGH Felice Nazzaro, driving a Fiat, was successful in winning the 1922 Grand Prix, held at Strasbourg on July 15th last, the day proved a sad one for him, as his nephew, Biagio Nazzaro, who was also competing in the race on a similar car, was killed in the fifty-second lap. The incident is described later. From beginning to end the race proved to be a fight mainly between the three Fiats and the Bugattis.

A little after 8 a.m., with rain pouring down, the competitors—three Sunbeams, three Fiats, three Ballots, three Rolland-Pilains, four Bugattis, and two Aston-Martins—numbering eighteen in all, faced the starter.

The cars advanced to the starting point at a steady pace of approximately 20 m.p.h., and then, when the flag dropped, they shot forward with a deafening roar, leaving a huge screen of muddy atmosphere behind. With heads pressed forward and teeth tightly set, each driver strove to get the better position, the noise of the quickly accelerating cars giving one the impression that they were endeavouring to voice the grim determination of their drivers—as though a number of devilish spirits were screeching in wild delight at being let loose. And so the race, each lap full of thrills and excitement, sped on in a ding-dong manner.

Again the Sunbeams were unfortunate, for although the cars had passed successfully through some very severe preliminary tests, each of the drivers—Jean Chassagne, H. O. D. Seagrave, and K. Lee Guinness—was compelled to retire early, strange to say for precisely the same reason, broken inlet valves. A great pity, for much was expected of them, but while they were in the race their lapping was splendid and their performance very highly appraised.

The finest show of the day was undoubtedly the steadiness and speed of the Fiat team. These cars took and kept the lead for the first twenty laps, and then again towards the end, the cars flashing by accompanied by their exclusive wail, and maintaining wonderful regularity. But, sad to relate, two of the Fiats were fated, for in the fifty-second lap, after a wonderful display of speed, the unfortunate Biagio Nazzaro had an accident, his machine turning three complete somersaults, finally crashing into a field on the side of the track. He was picked up lifeless with a terrible gash in his head, and then almost immediately this catastrophe was followed by another, for Bordino, also driving a Fiat, overturned after breaking a back axle. Fortunately for the driver, he escaped with slight injuries only.

The Rolland-Pilains, though lapping extremely fast, were the first to retire, but only after a grim and plucky fight. The course, recognised as an exceptionally severe one, proved too hard a grind for these cars.

Among the competitors was Count

Zborowski, driving, not his Chitty-chitty-bang-bang, but an Aston-Martin, and he and Gallop, the driver of the second Aston-Martin, put up fine performances. They were swift and dashing, and the manner in which they "cornered" was remarkable. Fitted with front wheel brakes (incidentally a feature of all the cars), the Aston-Martins were handled beautifully, but both Zborowski and Gallop were unable to complete the race owing to magneto trouble.

There were some very nasty skids throughout the day, and the way in which the cars withheld the terrific strains spoke volumes for the Rudge-Whitworth wheels which were fitted to all. Even in the case of Biagio Nazzaro's Fiat, from which three wheels were torn off completely, there was no failure of any part of the wheels or their fixings.

The average speed of Felice Nazzaro on his winning Fiat was 80 m.p.h., his time for the 500 miles being 6 hours 17 minutes 17 seconds. De Vizcaya, on a Bugatti, was second, timing 7 hours 15 minutes 9 seconds, nearly an hour after the first man, and then another half an hour elapsed before the third man, Marco, also on a Bugatti, sped home with a time of 7 hours 48 minutes 4 seconds.

The race was witnessed by over 20,000 people, whose feelings were mingled with excitement, amazement, and sorrow for the terrible accident which marred the event.

Those people who ask whether racing is still useful should note that, although the capacity of the engines was reduced by a third, the average speed was greater than last year—a clear indication of improved efficiency. And yet of eighteen starters only three cars finished—so there is, apparently, still very much to learn.



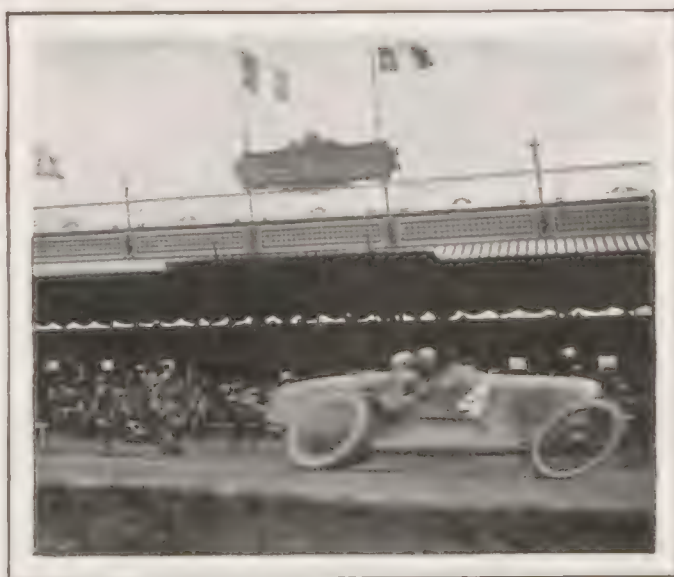
*This general view of the Grand Stands and tribunes shows the enormous interest taken in these events abroad. When shall we see something similar in this country?*



FELICITATIONS TO FELICE!



*In the top left-hand corner is Felice Nazzaro, the winner, at the wheel of his Fiat, and on the right his unfortunate nephew, Biagio, who was killed. The centre picture is a snap of the winning Fiat passing*



*the tribunes at 112 m.p.h. On the left at the bottom is an example of Felice Nazzaro's splendid cornering, and on the right is de Vizcaya on the Bugatti passing Foresti on the Ballot at a difficult spot.*





## MY MOST THRILLING MOTORING EXPERIENCE.

*Lady Warren tells of her Journey in a Motor Side-car through Algeria and Tunisia, and talks of Roads, Inns and People.*

ONE has, of course, heard of motorists who have toured in Algeria, that delightful and intriguing land of sunshine, palms, and flat-roofed houses. But Lady Warren must surely be the only woman who has tackled Algerian and Tunisian roads and the perils of North African by-ways in a motor bicycle side-car combination.

She is the wife of Sir Norcot Warren, K.C.I.E., a distinguished Anglo-Indian official, who is the head of the Imperial Bank of India, and she is, therefore, no stranger to the East or to Moslem peoples. Accustomed to Indian sunshine and the Indian climate, it is little wonder that Lady Warren—when, not “if,” as Mr. Hutchinson says, winter comes—should find herself in the grip of a *Wanderlust*, and pine for sunny skies and other more genial lands.

It is a far cry, indeed, from her pretty home at Henley-on-Thames, with its trim lawn and beautiful flower borders, ablaze with the scarlet, yellow, and blue of begonias, geraniums, calceolarias, and other flowers, and the exquisite view of the river, with its summer glory of still fresh green foliage and mirror-like reflections, to the sun-baked streets of Algiers and the quaint and shady arcades of Tunisian bazaars.

It was on the lawn of her picturesque English home that she talked of her tour, its experiences, and the possibilities of Algeria and Tunisia as touring grounds for motorists.

The motor bicycle and side-car in which the adventurous travellers made their tour belonged to the youthful chauffeur, who appears in the book that Lady Warren has just written under the non-committal letter “P.” But, to tell the truth, Lady Warren’s “male companion,” as “P.” was mysteriously referred to by several leading newspapers, is her son—a keen motorist, and

an expert and daring one, as the book plainly shows.

“I just felt that I must get away from the remaining winter days,” said Lady Warren, “and, after some discussion, we decided against a car and in favour of the motor bicycle combination, and Algeria and Tunisia as the scene of possible adventures. You cannot comprehend how difficult a matter it is for the average French Custom House official to regard the traveller who comes with a motor-driven vehicle as anything save a creature worthy of his most antagonistic suspicion.”

At Marseilles the trouble began. There was some distance to be covered between the dock at which the travellers arrived and the one from which they would have to depart upon the

Algiers boat. Nothing would do but that the portly official must go with the “bus” to the further dock. He fitted the side car like a pea in a pod. When the dock was reached he had to be literally extracted by force from the tight fit provided by the side-car.

Lady Warren thus described the scene:—

“He was eventually pulled out much as one would pull a cork out of a pickle bottle. When he was unpacked he remarked (in French): “It is your mother who goes with you in this affair? She is slight, is she not?”

At last the “bus” was free to be slung aboard the little steamer that after thirty-six hours or so of exquisitely calm voyaging was to land the adventurers on the sun-lit quay at Algiers.

The town, viewed from the sea and at some distance, reminds one of nothing so much as a dream city out of the *Arabian Nights*, set terrace upon terrace on the hill which environs the bay. The narrow streets of the old and shabby town climb the hillside until they are lost amid the palms and other foliage of the quarter named Mustapha Supérieur where the French and foreign residents chiefly live.

Of the start out in the “bus” from Algiers Lady Warren told us. “The first part is made tiresome and difficult,” she remarked, “by teams of horses, trams, lorries, cattle, and pedestrians crowding the maze of narrow streets, which are chiefly slippery *pavé*, but the main road to Fort National, for which we were the first day bound, is fair and well kept. There is plenty of motor traffic along it, for four-day excursions by automobile are run for the benefit of tourists and holiday makers to Biskra. These cars are driven by girl chauffeurs who often return alone—speaking well for the safety of the roads.

“The colouring of this portion of the road is extraordinarily vivid



Lady Warren at her literary work on the lawn at “Wharfe House,” Henley-on-Thames.



## THE SPLENDOURS OF THE MYSTIC EAST.

and beautiful. One has hills, often with a plum-coloured haze over them, in the distance, and the foreground is wooded, with a great space of vivid magenta pink and gold coloured flowers. The scenery is extremely varied. Here are some of my notes. 'Scenery confusing in variety. Like Dorset, like Algiers, like everywhere.'"

At all events Lady Warren gave one the impression that it was well worth running the gauntlet of suspicious Customs officials to visit Algeria.

There were many things to puzzle the travellers, as Lady Warren explained. Many of the larger towns, especially where the French influence is strong, appeared clean, and the absence of baths and the cleanliness of the inhabitants and purity of the air were not easily accounted for. The travellers never lost the first impression made upon their minds of leisure and absence of the exercise of any energy. The fatalism of the East seemed so exactly translated into the lives of the inhabitants, French as well as Arab.

Lady Warren speaks quite enthusiastically of the politeness of the Arabs and their intelligence. "You seldom," she said, "come across a stupid Arab." And she added that it was chiefly the Islamic invasion of the seventh century which brought back culture and civilisation to a country which had been torn asunder and disintegrated by constant wars, religious schisms, and the crash of empires.

One does not somehow associate the stork very intimately with Algeria, but they are everywhere, and quaintly they build their huge and rough, untidy looking nests in bushes, or rather on top of them, scarcely as large as the nest itself.

One gets one's first experience of finely constructed but rather "nervous" roads after leaving Tizi Ouzou on the road to Fort National.

The gradients and surface are wonderful. "But at first," said Lady Warren, "one finds the continual twistings and windings and the absence of any wall or even stones at the side, which falls away sheer down, rather terrifying to the firmly wedged-in passenger in the side-car."

The idea that Algeria is all a desert



*Quaintly interesting types of Algerines in the street under the massive Walls of Temassin.*

and comparatively flat is erroneous. On the way from Fort National and Michelet to Col de Tirourda the mountains reach an altitude of some 5,500 feet, and the Fort itself stands at a height of 3,400 feet.

The scenery is such as to tempt lovers of the beautiful, as well as world wanderers in search of the new and adventurous. Flower-carpeted plains stretch far away at one's feet, and in the distance are snow-clad mountains gleaming in the sunshine like the Alps seen from afar off.

One has heard of the London crowd



*A sunny street in Temassin. Note the architecture and the wide, low archway with the house above it.*

which springs from seemingly nowhere and vanishes almost as quickly as it comes. But even in Algeria the phenomenon is witnessed.

"No matter," said Lady Warren, referring to this strange happening, "how completely lonely the country may appear, as if from the ground, in the most desolate places, arise children and men; seldom women. They close in round one with the curiosity of monkeys, but are very willing to give any assistance they can."

Speaking of her first glimpse of the real desert, the vast open spaces of the interior, Lady Warren said:

"We had our first sight of

it at sunset. To us it seemed extraordinarily beautiful. No colour save the pale yellow sand, and a silver sky speckled over with tiny purple-red clouds. Later on, the sky turned to that duck's-egg green-blue, and the clouds to pink; and so night fell. Notwithstanding the howling of what seemed like ten thousand dogs the vast silence seemed unbroken. No colours such as one carries in one's paint box are thin or diaphanous enough with which to re-create the scene."

"But of your most thrilling adventure?" we suggested.

"There were thrills at times. You cannot go many hundreds of miles over roads that are sometimes good, frequently indifferent, and not seldom bad without ups and downs. But, strangely enough, the most thrilling experience we were to have happened not on a very bad road, but on a good one. It might well have been the end of the journey for both my son and myself.

"We had visited that mammoth and wonderful amphitheatre at El Dhem, and were on our way to Sousse. The sun had been playing hide-and-seek all day, and then gusty little showers prevailed. Later thunder, lightning, wind, and hail were upon us from out a black sky. P. was in great fettle, and we went faster than ever we had done before. The road, newly metalled and with the rain wet upon it, looked like a ribbon of black ice or glass. I asked P. to go slower. He had just told me we were doing forty. After that events seemed to have moved with lightning rapidity. A horrible swerve came, just after he had said, 'We are doing only twenty now.' I next



heard him say, 'Something desperate has really happened.' Jerking and swaying, the side-car rose in the air and passed over the bike as it took a plunge off the road over a culvert into a ditch.

"It seemed ages ere I felt the ground with the back of my head, and I thought my neck was broken. I was afraid to ask P. if he were there. At last I said in a feeble voice, 'Are you dead?' He replied 'No, are you?' Then, dazed as I was, I realised we were neither of us killed.

"To cut a long story short, we extricated ourselves—I never knew exactly how—and there was the poor little 'bus' upside down and broken to bits. The bike itself was on its back or rather handle-bars, with the latter embedded in mud."

"The cause of the accident was soon discovered. The frame of the side-car, which was of rather too light a make for the strain to which we were forced to put it, had parted—a clean break in one of the arms.

"Fortunately, save for a shaking and a few bruises, neither P. nor I was hurt.

"We brought the remains home. We could not part with the companion of so pleasant a time."

Lady Warren said in regard to touring in Algeria and Tunisia that it is well worth while. But there are few, if any, hotels worthy the name away from the larger towns. The little inns, however, often call themselves by high-sounding names, such as "Hotel de France," and "Hotel Royal," of which the patron is always polite and moderate in his charges. The cooking is generally good. One gets omelettes, pâté de foie gras, sausages, also "pig in various forms." Tea is (as is often the case in France) impossible, unless one makes it oneself. Water, even for washing in, is scarce. But there are now a good many artesian wells in the desert, taking the place of the ancient ones in the sand. There are no baths to be had outside the area generally covered by the rich English traveller.

Taking the roads as they come, 100 miles, or even less, a day by motor cycle and side-car is about the maximum, though cars can do more. About 300 miles is not uncommon.

To visit the desert is expensive, if



*Inside the beautiful North gateway of El Khairowan leading into the market place of the town.*

one means to camp. The usual charge per person is 200 francs per day.

Lady Warren added, "Let anyone who travels in Algeria in a motor or a side-car of a motor bicycle note that to have any accident is a very serious matter. If one has anything go wrong one may be—most probably will be—many miles from the nearest town or village. When our accident occurred we were about fifty kilometres (say 31 miles) from Sousse, and about an equal distance from El Dhem. If we had been seriously hurt it would have



*A strolling player of the East "snapped" by Lady Warren at a wayside station on the Biskra-Touggourt Railway. Any entertainer swiftly gathers a crowd of interested and often demonstrative spectators.*

been hours ere help could have been obtained.

"In this particular case, when we had extricated ourselves I saw an Arab running towards us gesticulating, his eyes bulging from their sockets—for he had seen us go over—his clothes fluttering in the wind. He could speak no French. But he made sympathetic noises, and gaped at us. I tried to get a photograph of him. How I wish I had been able to! But what with the wind and rain, my shaking hands, and everything else that was against it, I didn't manage it.

"Our friend—from whence he had sprung I could not imagine—lent us all the help he could. We ultimately separated the bike from the smashed side-car, and decided that P. should ride into Sousse and bring out a car to carry me and the fragments there. We had a great fight, however, to get the side-car separated from the bike. All the nuts had well rusted on! Two other inhabitants grew, as it were, out of the road, and gaped at us. They asked for cigarettes, and when we gave them some they lighted them, and took up good positions on the road to see us work!

"Then an Arab riding a very small donkey and leading a very high—or so it seemed—camel came along the road. He told us that there was a wayside railway station about three miles away, and suggested I should mount his camel and go there.

"After consultation with P. I decided to go afoot to the station. P. was to join me later.

"The Arab insisted upon accompanying me, and, frankly, I did not like it. I could only think of the warnings we had received, when starting out from Algiers, not to be out on the roads after dark. The remark which accompanied the warnings, 'Ils couperaient la gorge comme un mouton' (They will cut your throat like a sheep), was not pleasant.

"He, however, contented himself with taking twenty francs off me. I went to the station and waited. At last P. came for me with a car from Sousse, and the adventure ended in a fairly comfortable hotel, some tea, and a meal of sorts."

But the memories of such a trip are evidently pleasant ones, for Lady Warren intends some day to go back.





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"STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"

## AMONG PURPLE MOUNTAINS.

By Owen John Llewellyn.

*Our contributor recounts the joys of going North—the August trek.*

I KNOW that I am set to write of hills, but who—if he has once had the fortune to taste of all that the month can mean—can write in August of any hills but those of Scotland, hills perhaps in comparison with Alps and the Pyrenees, but mountains in reality, delectable mountains where one can go and can almost leave all earthly troubles behind.

I am a lucky one: in my mind's eye I can look beyond the horizon, across the wide countryside, over many little ups and downs, some of which go by even bigger names, can cross rivers and railways and estuaries and bogs, and black mining districts and barren heathlands to where, guarded by the last grimy outpost of civilisation, real mountains stand, behind which lies Scotland—the only part of Scotland that we dwellers in the South know or want to know.

I conjure up all these things and yet, in the foreground of my vision, I can ever see something else, a dark symmetrical something, crowned in its centre with the figure of a running girl, the shining bonnet, the bowsprit, of my car, ever pointing northward to the hills, to the mountains, and to all the joys that are thereon.

Scotland, in the autumn, even without a car, is good, but Scotland, *plus* a car, is wonderful. In the days before cars were there was nothing amiss with her, and, like the old maid in George Robey's song, it was "a good thing that we never missed the things we never had." Then, knowing no better, we made a pleasure of toil and we thought nothing of spending hours in hard-seated waggonettes, in walking up steep pitches or in helping the tired horses on our way to or from the jumping-off places where we would be. We got there,

and that was all that mattered. Now—but it sounds almost too lazy to write—we get there without noticing it and we get home again so quickly that we seem hardly to have time to realise how far away from home we have been.

Not that really we are lazier or take less exercise: all that the car does is to prevent us wasting the time that we used to have to spend behind horseflesh. The car gives us longer days, it may afford to some idle one an opportunity for later breakfasting, but who lies in bed in Scotland, when a Royal has been seen across the march, when a falling spate is bringing up fresh-run salmon, or when the keepers are putting up the cartridges in the gun-room for the moor? Early

to bed—O! so tired!—and early to rise—who can help it? for kind sleep falls away from our eyes as quickly as it fell upon them, and with the first long-drawn note of the skirling piper outside beneath the castle walls vanishes every inclination for "the little more slumber, the little more sleep" that is London's ownest and most particular devil.

When I see some Scottish hills, just as when I think of Neapolitan cab-horses or Algerian donkeys, I feel surprised that the R.S.P.C.A. has never minted a special medal for the man who invented the modern automobile. What a world of cruelty, intentional and unintentional, it has saved, is saving, and will save. There may be some tasks that a horse enjoys, but hauling a heavy "machine" up and down rough and stony inclines was never one of them, nor was it ever anything but almost an equal misery to a merciful driver. The horse was never a climbing animal, but as hills had to be climbed there was nothing else for it. Now the car has come along to ease him of his eternal load, and the only place where he is indispensable now is along the narrow pony roads in the heart of the forest, laden across his wooden saddle outwards with the "gentleman with the rifle" and homewards with the stiffening corpse of the slain stag. No one's job but the pony's that; two miles an hour is no bad average pace for him to travel.

I know a lodge—the Lodge of my Dreams—that is long, low, one-storied and wooden, by the side of a calm loch with a river that runs into it from one glen and out of it by another; surrounded by high mountains and with a road that just comes to its door and goes no farther. Beyond all wheel tracks come to an end, nothing but just stony paths for the ponies, for the few sheep and for stout boots;



*On the ascent of Honister, with a gradient reputed locally to be "one in three."*



higher up still it takes a good gillie to pick out the good going from all the million colours of the scarred and formless soil. Cheer up, ye cast-down horse lovers, there will be ever yet some parts even of these isles which the car cannot visit nor even view; when anything can do better than the ponies at the stalking game—well, the game won't be worth the candle.

But on the road the car in the Highlands is a very unselfish machine; it is at everybody's service, nobody wants it for very long, nobody goes really *very* far away from the lodge in it—that is in "car-distances"—and it is very seldom that anyone wants to keep it all day. You don't want your Sunday-best car there, unless you haven't any other one; you want a maid-of-all-work, a beast of all kinds of burden, anybody's car, everybody's car, a car that anybody and everybody can and must drive, a car that looks better for not being washed, a car that can take anything into its capacious inside, a car that can be all things to all men and, when they have no immediate need of it, the same for the women of the party. You should not take the pride of Bond Street, the apple of your eye, in cars, to work for you in Scotland—that is, not if you are a motor owner and your own driver; cars, like everything else, are apt to suffer from too primitive surroundings.

But take a car, good or bad, old or new, a car of some sort or another, or else Scotland will never show you half

its charms. Once a week shooting and fishing are off, good fishing days are "sadly nipit by the Sawbath" and, unless one spends it in the enjoyment of the pure idle laziness of doing nothing at all but smoke and sleep, how can one put it to a better use than finding out what is going on over the mountain or down the glen, and whether your jealous neighbours have

are doing, if even only to be able to tell the keepers. Besides, we all are akin to a degree, we have pleasures in common, or, maybe, we think it may do us good to see some other faces but our own or to hear some one else's voice.

But this all depends on us and our neighbours; anyhow it won't hurt us or the car to cruise around the country,

to open our eyes and enlarge our understandings, just to find out, for instance, exactly how far away that mountain may be that seems on fine evenings to look right down upon us on the moor.

We be all animals—of sorts. Some of us are sometimes even a wee bit greedy. Once I remember on a Sunday morn at one o' the clock a party from a far-away low ground moor motored many long miles over to us at the lodge-by-the-lake—where the road ends—just to taste our venison. They stayed to dinner, but they got



*On the steep slopes of Kirkstone.*



*The Devil's Beef Tub, near Moffat.*



## THE JOY OF THE JOURNEY.

beef, beef that we had sent the car forty miles to fetch as a Sunday treat, for we were fed up with the flesh of old stags, the farmer never killed a sheep "but to save his life" ("the puir beastie had broke her leg in the wire") and even grouse and salmon took a back seat to the thought of the roast beef of Aberdeenshire, a land whence come beasts in quality but second to those of red Devon.

In the Highlands, though you may not want a dandy car, you need a stout one; there are some things by the roadside that very quickly find out weak points. I know a Vauxhall, its owner's pride to-day, that once looked more like a damaged cigar than an automobile. The road lay along the steep side of a glen and was very narrow. (This reminds me of "*Algy met a bear. The bear was bulgy. The bulge was Algy.*") So fast was the car going, so steep was the slope beneath, that all its inhabitants were thrown clean out before it began to roll down, down, down, to where, among the bushes at the bottom, at last it found a resting place.

The car that does it shines most in the back of beyond—that is, on the roads which are only called roads by courtesy and because they happen to be marked upon maps that gape for some distinctive features, is the dainty little Tiny-wheeled *car de luxe* that is just "it" in most parts of our refined southern home. The wheels and the width and the height and the depth thereof do not fit ruts made partly



*Among the mountains in the Lake District.*

by farm carts, but mostly by water-spouts. Also some fly-wheels just hate hitting against rocks that stick out of the middle of the road, and as for elegant mud-guards and wings—well, the less they are displayed the better.

The motor in Scotland, that is for use in Scotland, is but a means to an end, the use that is the sure foundation-

have your own you save your hosts no end of worry and fitting of you in; you are your own master and can stay away or come back, just whenever you like and without upsetting anybody's plans or interfering with anybody else's arrangements.

Besides, the getting there and back all the long way from England is an added joy in itself. I know, however

fast you may go, that it takes longer, but the journey is an education all the way and your holiday begins the moment you leave your own front door. I grant that it is very pleasant and easy to dine comfortably at home, to take a taxi to the station, to smoke a pipe and think as the express rushes out of London through the gathering gloom, to turn into one's bed and sleep until you find breakfast awaiting you in the Pass of Killiecrankie or thereabouts, with all the hours behind. But for real joy and contentment you want a car.



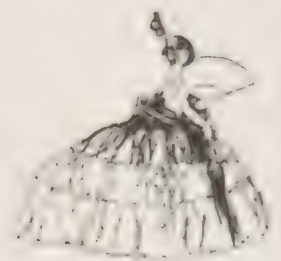
*Amid the purple ranges of Honister.*



## WHEN FASHION IS SEEN—



CAPIES and cloaks have swayed into fashion again, and are to be seen in the lightest of georgette, lace and crepe marocain, as well as in the heavier materials such as charmeuse, face-cloth and soie cloky. Many of these capes, even when made in filmy lace, show a fur collar, the favourite being monkey fur. The accompanying photograph shows the smartness of this fur when allied to black marocain. This model shows the new fitting back—the front being drawn into two small hip yokes, to which are attached underneath sash ends drawn round and tied in front underneath the long cape fronts. The hat is made of pure white organdi, trimmed and lined with black velvet.





# — IN HER HAPPIEST MOOD.

FAVOURITE shades incline to the autumn tints, and vary from deepest copper through the various shades of yellow and gold to the pale wheat or "string" colours. But the beautiful tones that attract the eye are in soft sage blues and mauves, ranging from deepest purple and violet to palest clematis colourings. White is pre-eminently the colour for mid-summer wear: cool and refreshing, it is appropriate to all occasions, and is seen this season in models for wearing at the seaside, country or river, with a touch of such simplicity and smartness as is seen in our photograph it has the advantage of being suited to these various occasions when carried out in white silk jersey georgette and worn with a large hat of transparent straw in palest laburnum shade and trimmed with flowers to match.

Another very smart fashion note is the little short hip-length coat made in various colours and in materials differing from that of the skirt worn with it. These coats may be quite plainly fashioned with a belt and patch pockets.





## RAISING THE DUST AT SHELSLEY.

*A remarkable "right and left" achievement by the "Motor-Owner" photographer.*

**I**N addition to the awards which were offered and won in the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb, held on Saturday, July 29th last, there ought really to have been an additional prize for the best and most spectacular skid, for skids seemed to be the order of the day. The award would undoubtedly have gone to Capt. Frazer Nash, for his remarkable climb, finished on a buckled wheel, which was certainly the most exciting incident of the whole event.

Although the fastest time was made by Mr. M. C. Park, driving a three-litre Vauxhall, his ascent was by no means a record, for Mr. C. A. Bird's time of last year, when he made the climb in 52.2 seconds, still remains unbeaten, even by himself, although by the manner in which he drove one gathered that he was endeavouring to do so. But all the climbs were good, and from the spectators' point of view—the cloudless sky had drawn a record gathering—the day was a thrilling one. In spite of the charge of 5s. for permission to stand on the hill, huge crowds paid with smiling faces, and, as we overheard at the



*Mr. H. W. Cook (30/98 Vauxhall), winner of the Silver Cup presented by Mr. J. A. Higginson for the fastest time in the Members' Competition.*

conclusion of the meeting, "By gum, it was worth it!"

In the Open event, 1st place was taken by Mr. M. C. Park on his three-litre Vauxhall, timing 53½ seconds, followed by Mr. C. A. Bird's 24/60 h.p. Sunbeam, which took only a second longer to complete the climb. By timing 56½ seconds, Mr. H. W. Cook recorded third on his Vauxhall.

The winner of the Closed event (Members) was Mr. H. W. Cook, driving his 30/98 Vauxhall, and for this performance he was awarded Mr. J. A. Higginson's Silver Cup for fastest time.

By making the best time in the Light Car event on an Aston-Martin, Kensington Moir gave his usual display of skill and grit; he carried off the cup presented by Mr. C. A. Bird for the best performance in this class.

The meeting itself was generally regarded as a huge success, for such a number of enthusiastic spectators has never been seen before. Something approaching 8,000 people gathered on the hill, eloquent testimony to the popularity of such events, and the enormous aggregation of cars was a sight to see.



*Count Zborowski cornering beautifully on his Aston-Martin. The performances of his Ballot, however, were not up to expectations.*



*Mr. C. A. Bird (24/60 Sunbeam), whose old record for the fastest climb remains unbroken.*



HATS OFF TO OUR PHOTOGRAPHER!



*We feel justified in blowing our photographer's trumpet for him. In the top picture you see Capt. Frazer Nash toppling over against the bank at Shelsley Walsh. That, in itself, is a remarkable photograph. The second picture,*



*however, is taken by the same photographer within two seconds of the first. It shows the car continuing the climb with a buckled rear wheel and burst tyre, and the tyre just beginning to come off the front wheel.*

*When we showed these photographs to Capt. Nash, he found it difficult to believe the facts of the case. But they are exactly as stated.*



# SOMETHING ATTEMPTED—SOMETHING DONE.

*We think that Mrs. Janson and Mr. Edge have both earned repose! Their exploits amongst the double twelve hours' records at Brooklands, respectively on motor cycle and car, should act as an incentive to others.*

**T**O drive 24 hours without a stop is something of a task, even at an ordinary pace, but to drive for that number of hours "at speed," for most part with every nerve and muscle in a state of extreme tension, is a much more arduous undertaking. That is what Mr. S. F. Edge did in 1907, and he is the only living man who has accomplished it. But that is preliminary to our story, for at Brooklands, on the 19th and 20th July last, Mr. Edge, driving a 6-cylinder Spyker, beat the distance record by completing 1,782 miles 1,006 yards in two periods of 12 hours each, which gave him a margin of approximately 200 miles over the distance he covered in 1907. And that's not the complete story, for there is another consideration. He performed the feat on a much smaller car, although under the existing regulations he had to accomplish the run in two separate periods.

That Mr. Edge's achievement is remarkable is emphasised by the fact that there is a period of 15 years between this and his previous record. But for a man of over 54 years of age the performance is surely astonishing, the more so because at the conclusion of the drive he made no complaints whatever of fatigue. As a matter of fact he was apparently fit enough, as he drove away from the track in his own car.

There can be no doubt that the continual lapping, more or less over the same position, lap after lap, hour after hour, must have proved monotonous for the record-breaker, for, to tell the truth, such performances—creditable though they be—are monotonously boring to the spectators. Even the mechanics were visibly "tired," for other than periodical "filling" and two or three tyre changes they had practically nothing to do.

The 6-cylinder Spyker on which the record was made was fitted



*A happy picture of the two record-breakers, Mrs. Janson and Mr. S. F. Edge. In the photo is also seen the 35 h.p. Spyker car on which Mr. Edge broke his 1907 record for 24 hours' running time, and also the Trump-Jap motor-cycle with which Mrs. Janson broke two world's records.*



*Mr. S. F. Edge on the Spyker car, snapped at speed during his recent record-breaking attempt. Both man and car proved equal to the test.*

with a Maybach engine. The chassis was of standard design, and apart from one or two very slight alterations to the engine the car was similar to the touring model supplied to the public, except, of course, that it had a streamlined racing body. Fitted with Dunlop cord tyres, of the straight-sided type, very little trouble was experienced in this direction—a couple of punctures being the only casualties. Two of the tyres, in fact, were unchanged at the conclusion. In one case the tyre was pierced by a nail, and secondly by a screw. Separate from these stops and the short halts every four hours for food and replenishments, the run went smoothly from start to finish.

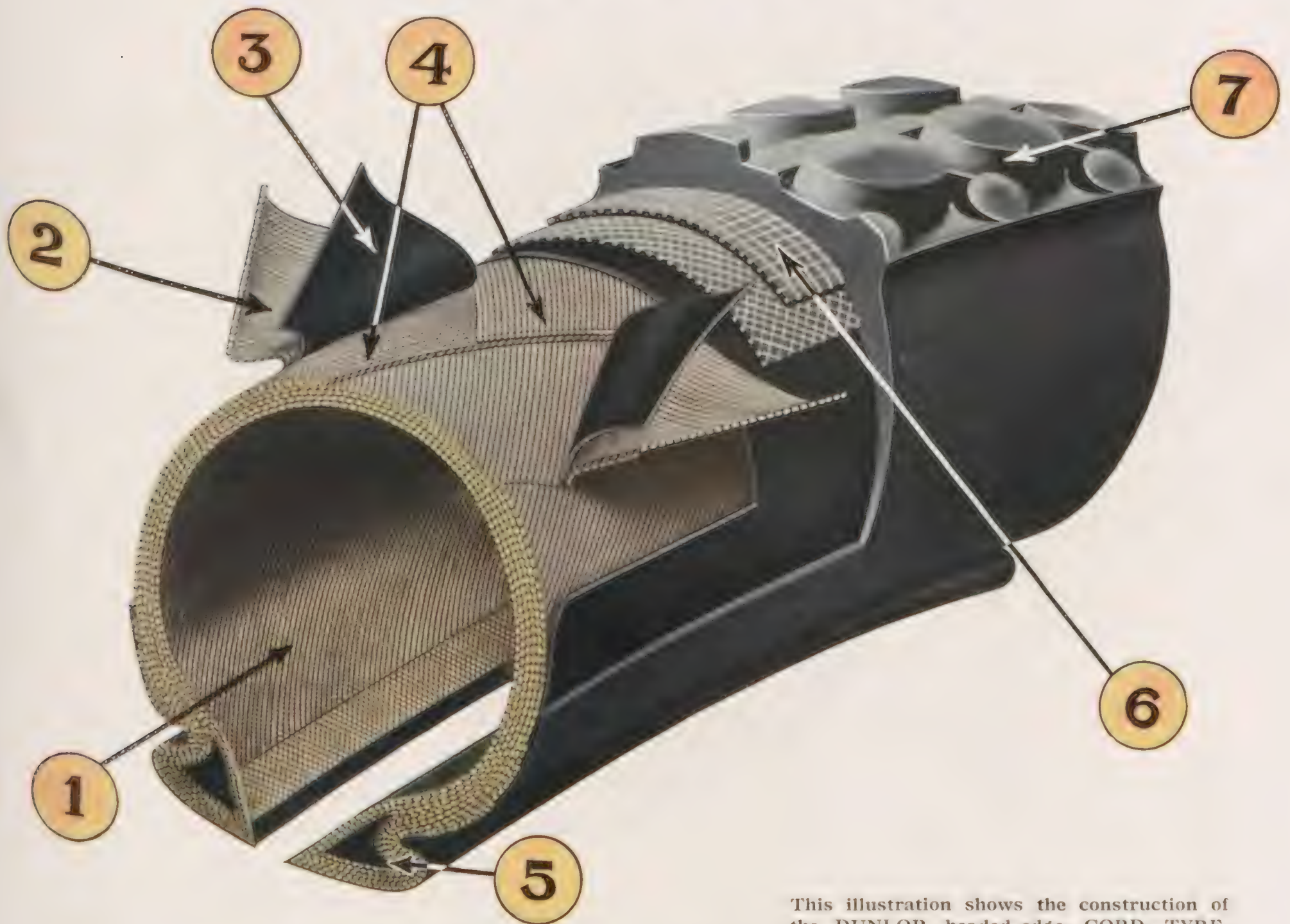
An experiment was made during the trip of sending wireless messages from the car to a receiving set installed on the Members' Bridge, and in spite of the speed at which the car was travelling the experiment proved successful.

Simultaneously with the above performance Mrs. Janson, wife of Col. S. Janson, the manager of the British Spyker Co., successfully broke two world's records by driving a Jap-engined Trump motor-cycle for the

double 12-hour periods. Averaging approximately 45 miles an hour. Mrs. Janson recorded a distance of 1,071 miles 1,180 yards, a wonderfully fine display of endurance, for she finished in excellent condition. She said that her feelings changed considerably. At times she felt—as she put it in her own words—"a really fine fellow." Then again she would suffer from the eternal monotony, and at such times the cabbage patches seemed to draw her irresistibly. We offer our heartiest congratulations to this young lady—not forgetting the high meed of credit due to the machine, which functioned with almost uncanny regularity. If our arithmetic is reliable, that little engine did rather over 8,000,000 revolutions in the trip—and never a misfire in the whole journey.



# WHY DUNLOP CORD TYRES ARE BETTER TYRES



This illustration shows the construction of the DUNLOP beaded-edge CORD TYRE.

The main advantage of this cover over the canvas pattern lies in the construction of the casing.

## ITS CONSTRUCTION AND ADVANTAGES:

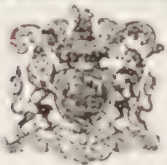
The constructional method practically eliminates destructive internal heating. Friction between the materials is considerably reduced by the arrangement of the layers of straight cords diagonally across each other, with insulating plies of pure rubber interposed between them. All overlapping and thickened joins are in this way eliminated. The life of the tyre is hugely increased, and petrol consumption considerably reduced. In addition, increased resiliency is secured, which, combined with the extra size as compared with canvas tyres, means more comfort and reduced maintenance cost.

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6. Breaker strips.
7. Heavy non-skid tread.

## THE DUNLOP CORD TYRE IS THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE



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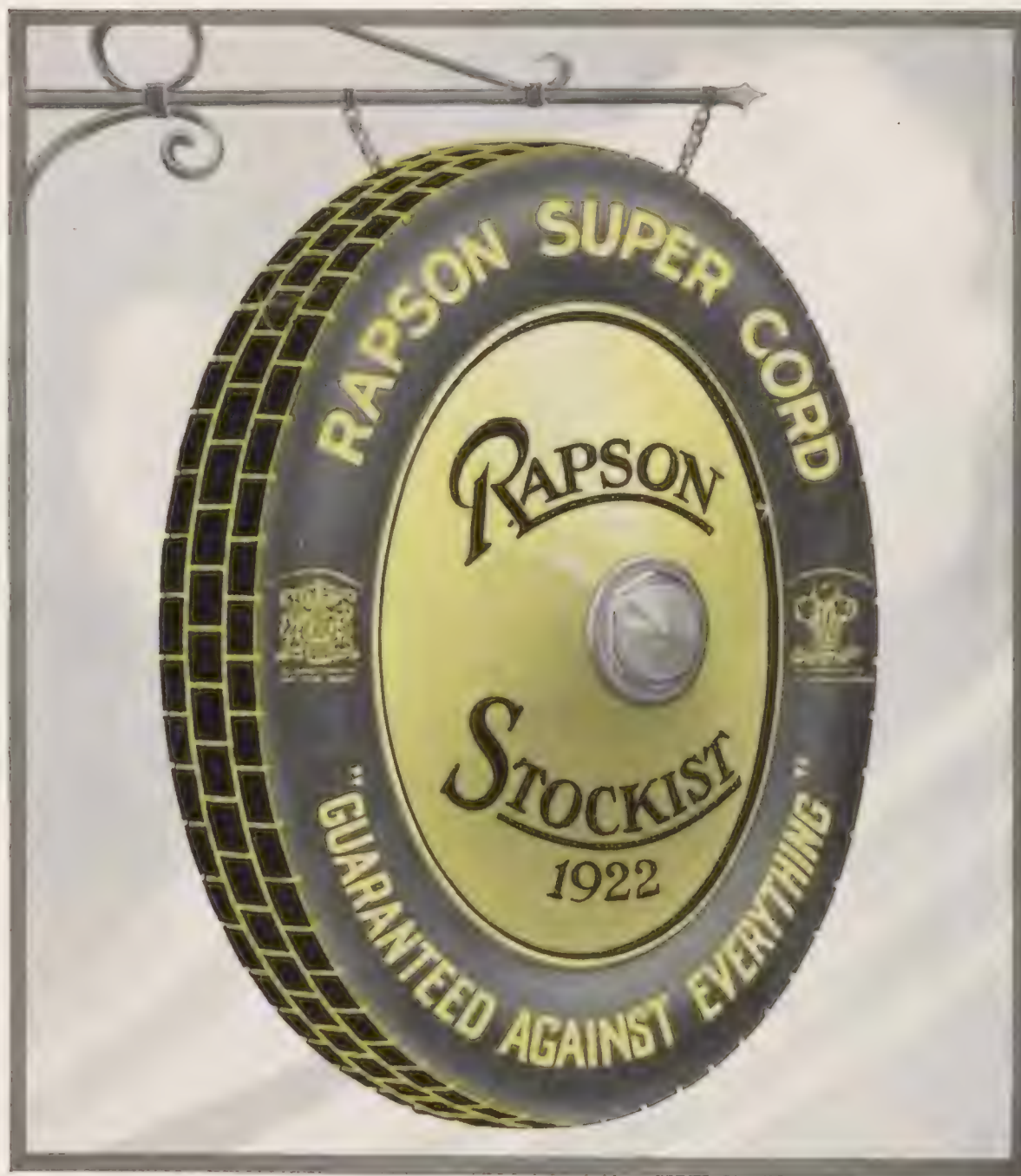


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A "TRUE STORY" FROM LIFE.

# THE MOTOR AS A MATCHMAKER.

*Is the motor the modern matchmaker? Our contributor says "Yes," and adds, "When there are more cars there will be more weddings, for it is not good for man to drive alone."*

**I**N a newspaper column devoted to letters from readers I found a gem recently. It was from a writer whom I suspect of being the author of many missives to the masses. Usually they deal with such subjects as: "Are Beautiful Women Happy?" or "Should Flirtations be Taxed?"

I have no objection to the writer enlivening the popular news sheets, for undiluted accounts of political and other crimes lack flavour, but occasionally she (I feel sure she is a woman) writes on one of the few topics about which I know something. Then invariably, I find that her inexactitudes are not merely terminological.

Her latest inaccuracy is a statement that motoring discourages matrimony. I understand that she considers the invention of the automobile as a danger to the human race. She states that we pursue pleasure at high speeds, and evade hardships and discomforts—meaning marriage, I presume. The British, she thinks, will become a depopulated nation of selfish bachelors who, because they cannot afford matrimony in addition to motoring, prefer the less expensive hobby.

Now, I hate to contradict a lady, but the truth is wrung from me. I not only deny every statement, but I say that no eligible motorist can escape matrimony, even should he desire to do so. The motor is the most successful matchmaker the world has ever known. Cars are not built for single persons. The most popular have two seats and a dicky which can be locked and rendered invisible when chaperones appear. The owner of one of these will be condemned to happiness for ever.

The time has passed in which young men waltzed into wedlock. The ways of society change. Our ancestors may have danced into domesticity because science had not then introduced a less laborious method of courtship, but to-day marriages are made by machinery. Matchmaking mammas know that the eligible bachelor of our time merely becomes distracted at a dance.

There are so many charms, and fashion ordains that they should be visible. Among the crowds that assemble on the floors which are hung on chains, a bachelor merely becomes unacquainted with a large number of beautiful English girls, but does not become satisfactorily entangled with anyone.

But motors take young men and maidens into poetic solitudes where wild flowers grow and little birds sing because they have solved the housing problem. Romance creeps into the hearts of Youth.

And bachelor motorists discover that women have uses in the world. Many of them can be trained to hold puncture repairing patches while the sticky stuff dries. Some, who have been well brought up, can find out where the tyre levers have hidden themselves under the spare tubes, side curtains, and last month's sandwiches which were put in the locker and forgotten. Quite a number can make a patent spirit stove boil a kettle without setting the landscape on fire, and a few of the very best types of British womanhood can pack picnic baskets with cunningly devised dainties comforting to dusty palates.

Many a bachelor motorist has first dreamed of domesticity while watching a fair passenger spread a tea cloth by an English lakeside, or among the bluebells of his native woods. And many a brave man has won the fair by his fearless offensive on wasps and creepy things on such occasions. The possibilities of romance are endless. The motorist lives perpetually in Eden.

Some cars are as tactful as a three-times-wed dowager who has pounced upon an Earl and introduced him to one of her darlings. Here is a true story from life:

There was a perfectly good heir to a title and a brewery that gave him the entrée into the best society. To matchmaking mothers he seemed a fairy prince. He had been an angel in the Royal Air Force, had looked divine in his khaki uniform, and had the luck to be invalidated before it was changed to the present blue. During all the

periods of strenuous leave with which sedentary life at the front was varied, he had fox-trotted in London ball rooms, but he did not become engaged.

He was a pious young man, for he had no sisters from whom to pick up slang; and effeminate cocktails and liqueurs did not allure him. To admiring mothers he seemed almost too good to be true.

When peace broke out he bought a little car, one of those dainty Cinderella coaches made by modern fairy God-mothers. It had the power of eleven-point-nine horses, and its nickel and coachwork gleamed in the sun.

He found motoring good sport, and young ladies with whom he had danced admired his car. Poor young man! He did not know the danger. Perhaps he thought it would be as easy as it is at a ball to bow farewell to one partner and seek another.

The tactful car was wiser. It carried him and maiden a hundred miles from home and mother and then jambed its differential. The couple returned by three local trains and a taxicab, and reached the lady's home when the wee sma' hours were growing up.

Of course, dear mamma was waiting. But she did not make a scene. Modern mothers who have been well trained by their offspring are very wise. She beamed upon them, called the young man by his Christian name, and announced the engagement.

In the next scene there appeared orange blossom and cake, and girl friends of the bride kissed her, called her "dear," and hoped she did not mind marrying into a brewer's family as the prejudice against beer-made titles was so absurd, though, of course, their own parents would not have allowed . . .

The question I wish to ask the lady who wrote to the Press about motoring and matrimony is this: What social amusement in which young men and girls can take part would have brought about this happy result? Would any number of dances, dinners or theatres have achieved so much? I say "No."



# LESSER KNOWN EAST SUSSEX.

By Clive Holland.

*The Country of Rudyard Kipling and Some Beauty Spots.*

ONE is often struck, when talking to motoring friends, to find how little of the beauties of Sussex the average motorist knows. For a very large percentage the Brighton Road with a few digressions here and there constitutes Sussex. Most people know, of course, that it is the county of the Downs; that it is famous for its sheep; and that the Brighton sea-front rivals the famous *digue* of Ostend. But the highways and byways of the county of the crows are, we fancy, far less explored than those of Kent, Surrey, or even the neighbouring county of Hampshire.

Certainly one cannot beat the Sussex air; the salt-laden breeze that sweeps up from the sea across the vast green stretches of the downs, bringing health to the nestling valleys and their tiny hamlets tucked so snugly away from the great world outside.

There is, too, far more variety in Sussex scenery than appears to be generally supposed. There is first the Weald, then the Marsh, and then the Downs; the white seaward cliffs of which are washed by the Channel surges.

Kipling himself has sung of this choice in the lines:

"I'm just in love with all these three,  
The Weald and Marsh and the Down country;  
Nor I don't know which I love the most—  
The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast."

Rudyard Kipling is so English in sentiment, so Imperial in true vision, that it cannot fail to be of interest to many readers that the greater part of his life in England, as well as some of his schooldays of long ago, has been spent in the county. Indeed, Kipling knows his Sussex as do few.

We think most leisurely sojourners in Sussex will agree with us that, excluding the sea-fronts of its half-score of modern watering places and their various "attractions," the first impression one gains and never loses is that of antiquity. And there are many "old, ancient things," as well as picturesque villages in which life flows placidly along for the inhabitants, which are well worth discovery. Stephen Leacock, the humorist, Hampshire born, though now resident in Montreal, Canada, has just published a book, *My Discovery of England*. An American journalist not long ago, speaking of his extended tour in this country and the ignorance of England that he found, said, "Leacock, for the sake of a new peg on which to hang some jokes, has just discovered England. I guess there's plenty of folk living in this old country all their lives as have never found it yet!"

A good route to travel so that one sees some of the Eastern portion of the county is Bromley to Lewes by way of Westerham, Edenbridge, and Hartfield. One climbs to Westerham Hill gradually, and descends sharply to the little town (23 miles), which is quaint with its village green, on which

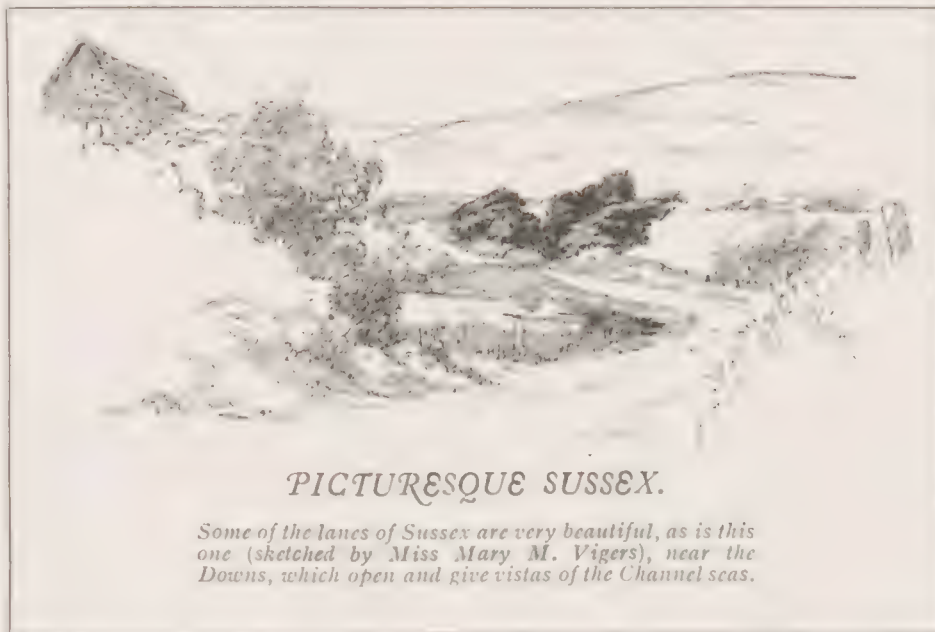
stands a statue to General Wolfe who was born here in the vicarage. Around the green are grouped the inns, shops, and houses which chiefly constitute the place.

One has a pleasant road over Cookham Hill right to Edenbridge (28 miles), though the country for a little while afterwards is somewhat monotonous. Soon after one passes into Sussex. Hartfield is reached after crossing the Medway, and one finds oneself within the confines of Ashdown Forest, climbing steadily upwards, and gaining thereby some magnificent views through the woods which lie on the northern slopes.

As one drops down to Maresfield one gets some idea of the widely extending scenery of the Weald to the South Downs. At the other end of the county at Chanctonbury Ring one obtains another such wide-flung prospect—beautiful, restful, alluring.

Maresfield (40 miles) was once the centre of the Sussex "Black Country," when iron smelting was a recognised industry. It was at its height at the latter end of the seventeenth century, and declined gradually during the first half of the nineteenth; until, in 1828, the last furnace was shut down. Strange as it may now appear, the district was once the iron mart of England. On the envioning hills roared furnaces, and the sound from the forges was ceaseless.

One is wise to make a cross-country detour, off one's direct route, of ten miles or so to reach Mayfield by way of Hadlow Down and Butcher's Cross. The village, with its exquisite "Middle House," has been called by Coventry Patmore, the poet, "the sweetest in Sussex." The ancient half-timbered building is considered the finest



PICTURESQUE SUSSEX.

Some of the lanes of Sussex are very beautiful, as is this one (sketched by Miss Mary M. Vigers), near the Downs, which open and give vistas of the Channel seas.



# A DAY WITH YOUNG BIRDS.



Whilst admiring a country boy's day-old bantam chick, he volunteered to show me a Ringed-plover's nest and family. I agreed, and after a short journey we discovered three nestlings on the sand dunes (top left-hand picture), brown, downy little things with dull yellow mottling. They were very much like young Lapwings, a nest and trio of which we found on the ground, just outside a field. The cock-bird nearly went off his head with fright and anxiety, and the hen-bird went through her usual performance of feigning an injured fool, but I don't think she was really frightened. The baby

Lapwings were extremely pretty, covered with soft down and marked with buff and brown (top right-hand picture). Before we left the field track, I caught a glimpse of a lesser Whitethroat's nest. The mother bird was so busy feeding the youngsters that she hardly noticed us, not even when I set up the camera. I took out two of the babies and set them clinging to a bramble branch (centre picture); they were very young, and clung for dear life. The mother came with a fat caterpillar for them, but they were too scared to eat it.

M. H. C.

(Below) The ducklings looked as fresh as if they had been dipped in dew



(Below) The mother Whitethroat with a fat caterpillar for her young





## BRITAIN'S OLDEST REGISTER?

(Continued from page 26.)

example of sixteenth century architecture in the South of England. It dates from 1575, and even those who know nothing technically of architecture cannot fail to admire its beauty.

The scenery hereabouts is almost like that of Devon, and provides a pleasant contrast to the more typical Sussex scenery the road soon takes one through.

Few, we imagine, will visit Mayfield without following the valley of the Rother to Burwash (seven miles), where there is set amid fine trees an old church with a reputed Saxon tower, and a remarkable iron slab on which are inscribed the words, "Orate p Annima Johne Colins." This is without much doubt the oldest piece of local iron work in existence. There are several most ancient and interesting houses in the village. It is at Burwash that Rudyard Kipling has made his home in the beautiful old house, named "Batemans," which stands in a valley surrounded by hills.

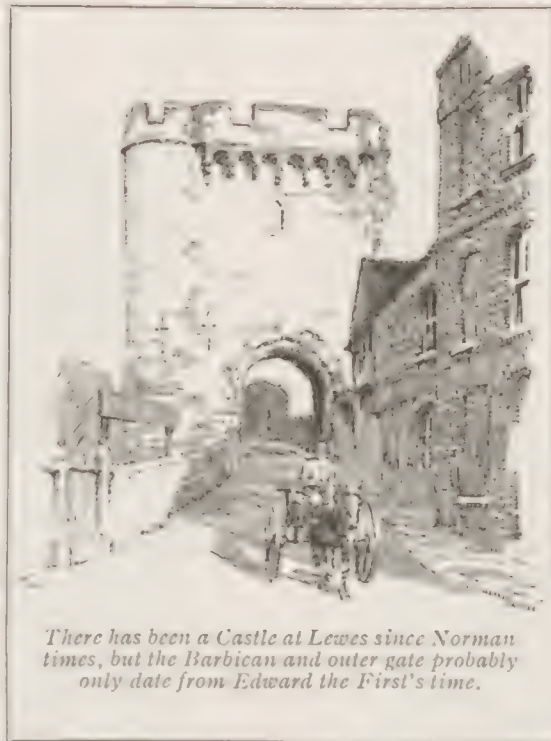
It is thought by many that the neighbourhood formed the foundation of the locale described in *Puck of Pooks Hill*. The Dudwell, a tributary of the Rother, flows in the valley, and Dudwell Mill appears in several of Kipling's short stories.

Here, in retirement at Burwash, lives one of the few present-day writers who count with a vast public composed of many varying elements, intellectual and temperamental.

Brightling Beacon, some three miles distant from Burwash, should be visited, for from it one obtains the finest panoramic view in the Western Weald, one of those prospects that dwell in the memory long after one has put many miles between it and oneself.

From Brightling to Heathfield is an interesting road. One passes Cade Street, with its monument to Jack Cade, who was shot there in 1450 by an arrow discharged by one Alexander Iden, then Sheriff of Kent, while the impostor was playing a game of bowls. He had been in hiding at Newick Farm hard by, and had ventured out thinking the hue and cry was over.

One gets lovely country to Framfield, from



*There has been a Castle at Lewes since Norman times, but the Barbican and outer gate probably only date from Edward the First's time.*

whence one goes on to rejoin the main road at Uckfield.

From Uckfield one can go straight to Lewes or take the road to Hailsham, and thence by way of Polegate reach the same objective.

Uckfield has little of interest in itself save the old "Maiden's Head Inn"; but the scenery is good and the road to Lewes pleasant. One passes the park of Horstead Place on the right, and then the road winds round the towering shoulders of the South Downs, and through South Malling one enters the quaint High Street of the county town of Sussex. The old "Star Inn" at Lewes, although nowadays converted into municipal offices, retains its fine front,

and the work of the interior is well worth seeing.

John Evelyn, the rival of Pepys as a diarist, spent some of his schooldays hard by at the Grammar School, Southover, and also laid the foundation stone of the rather uninteresting church at Malling.

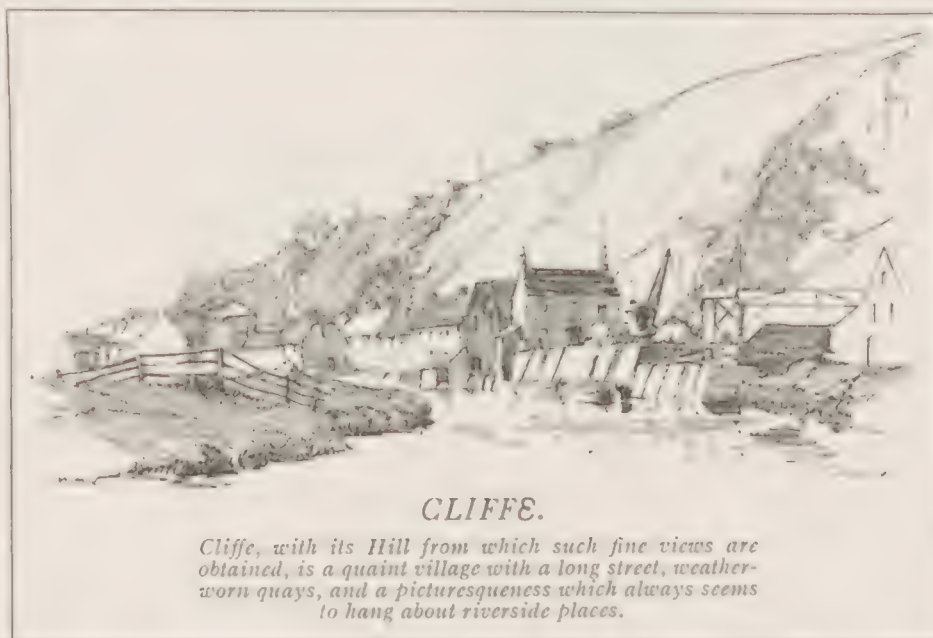
At Southover, too, is the old, half-timbered house said to have been occupied by Anne of Cleves.

To reach Lewes by way of Hailsham (55 miles from London) allows one to pass through some very charming scenery, especially the woodlands near Polegate (68 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles). After leaving the latter one gets a good view of the "Long Man of Wilmington," a colossal figure, 230 ft. in height, with a staff in each hand, cut in the side of Windover Hill. Its origin is lost in obscurity, and no satisfactory explanation of it has been offered.

A little less than four miles out of Polegate one crosses the River Cuckmere, and half a mile further one finds the road to Alfriston on the left running almost due south. The village is a picturesque one, with a Perpendicular cruciform church, the register of which is said to be the oldest in England, its first entry dating from 1513. The "Star Inn" is famous, and, dating from 1490, is one of the oldest in the South of England. The front has a number of quaint carvings, including figures of St. George and the Dragon and a suggestion of the Northumberland arms—a bear and ragged staff. Two mitred figures, supposed to be St. Julien and St. Giles, flank the doorway. The inn is said to have enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary under Battle Abbey, and

was undoubtedly in the Middle Ages a place of resort for pilgrims. In later times it was the haunt of the smugglers with whom this part of Sussex was infested, as was also Market Cross House, opposite which stands the remains of the Cross, one of the only two in the country. There are many old houses in the village, which is one of the most picturesque in Sussex.

With Lewes as a centre one can find many beauty spots to explore, avoiding the coast towns, which are rather uninteresting—as country, of course!



**CLIFFE.**

*Cliffe, with its Hill from which such fine views are obtained, is a quaint village with a long street, weather-worn quays, and a picturesqueness which always seems to hang about riverside places.*



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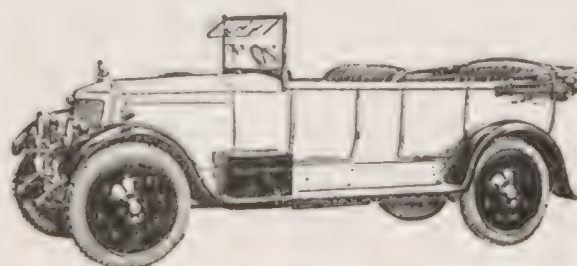
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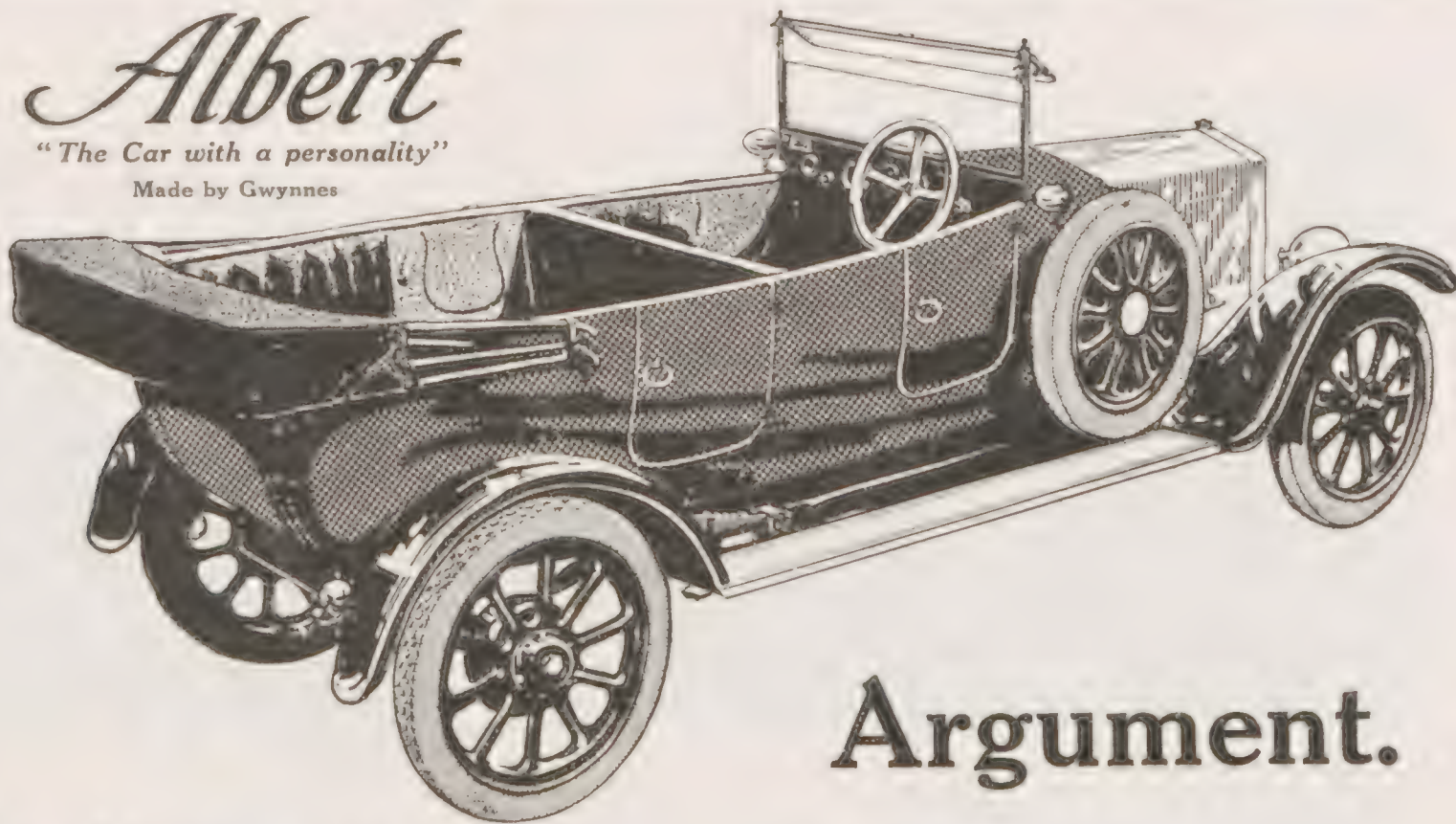


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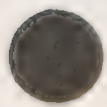
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PERFECTION—OR PERFECT IMPERFECTION?

# A MODERN GOLF COURSE IN THE MAKING.

By Charles Ambrose.



The present 18th Green and Clubhouse at Addington.

**I**F you get bunkered at St. Andrews, you may or may not consider privately that the bunker was more to blame than yourself, because you played your shot as intended—not knowing exactly where the bunker was. But if you are wise you will keep your opinion to yourself. If a golfer does not know all about St. Andrews he ought to. For generations everybody has heartily agreed that the very imperfections of the old course make it just perfect, except some occasional idiotic Sassenach, who of course knows nothing about golf, and is therefore beneath notice.

But St. Andrews was made, or made itself, and firmly established itself well above criticism long before the present corps of scientific course-constructors began to make their profession one of the higher arts. It is said that the bunkers at St. Andrews were originally formed by the action of the wind; a hole caught the wind, which blew round and round and widened it. "Sand-blow"



Mr. J. F. Abercromby directing operations. Every golf course Mr. Abercromby handles bears the imprint of his strong personality: Worpleston, Coombe Hill, and now a second course at Addington.

began and in time "Hell" bunker proclaimed its possibilities to the passing pedestrian, who thought he would just love to see his own particular friend well trapped inside it.

Apart altogether, however, from the difficulty that inland—near London, say—the wind will not make bunkers for us, we do not quite see an artist like Mr. Abercromby leaving the placing of his hazards to the wind. Perhaps the word "hazard," implying chance, does suggest that too much care should not be taken over the accuracy of its placement; but Mr. Abercromby is a man who does not leave things to chance if he can help it. And so, taking every conceivable element (such as the prevailing wind, the normal state of the ground—winter and summer—and the excessively long driving of our modern Goliaths) into most careful consideration, he places and shapes his hazards to a yard. Not only that, but the composition of his course is arranged before he goes into



# FOURSOME PARTNERS SHARE THE SHORT HOLES.



*Standing in the midst of the desolation of uprooted trees and general devastation, it is difficult to believe that you are within 13 miles of Charing Cross.*

the details of individual holes; for example, the Addington New Course is to consist of four short holes (Nos. 2, 9, 11, and 14—so arranged that two fall to each partner in a foursome: a vast improvement on the present Addington course, where all six short holes are played by the player taking the odd holes!); six long holes, and eight "clever ones"—Mr. Abercromby's special description for the "drive and pitch" variety, which has got to be clever to save it from dullness. In laying out the long holes he is giving special attention to catching the exceptionally long driver who is not as straight as he should be, while making things comparatively easy for the short driver who wants helping along.

All this goes to show the efficiency of the technical Abercromby; but the artistic Abercromby is very much all there too. There *are* golfers who seem to be blind to all but the ball and the hole, but most people prefer to golf in pleasant places; and that is where Abercromby shines most. He is blessed with an eye for beauty, and if he does hack down beautiful trees it is generally because he wants to give full effect to others more



*A typical Abercromby tree hazard: clean-cut and definite. It makes players place their shots, and keeps them from getting in each others' fairway, besides adding to the beauty of the landscape.*

beautiful hidden behind them; or it may be that some fine tree has to go to make the course, but if it can be spared it will be spared.

There are no trees at St. Andrews—or on any genuine seaside course for the matter of that—but a good tree hazard, properly placed and shaped, can be made into a very good hazard indeed, and it lends variety and beauty to the course as well. The clump of silver birch and the lone

pine tree in the photograph show Mr. Abercromby's tree hazards in the rough. They are definite, clear-cut hazards, used to penalise the player who has not placed his drive properly to open up a "dog-leg" hole, and incidentally to prevent people, playing different holes, from interfering with each other. At St. Andrews (we are merely taking St. Andrews as *the* typical seaside course, for purposes of comparison with the inland type) the slicer is in trouble all the way out, and all the way in again; the puller simply gets in the way of the opposite tide, whichever way he may be going, but only finds trouble by accident, if at all. There is no rough to worry him. It seems hard on the

slicer, but he must learn to hit straight, or pull, at St. Andrews. Not so at Addington, however. He must be reasonably straight all the way or he must expect to have his powers of recovery pretty well tested.

It is difficult to believe, standing in the midst of the desolation of uprooted trees and general devastation, which within a year will be a smiling golf course, that you are within 13 miles of Charing Cross. There is no sign of a railway (the



## DO YOU AGREE WITH A TREE HAZARD?



*Trunks of trees are hauled by teams of trained horses—sometimes at full gallop—and great roots are collected by traction engines with long steel hawsers.*

nearest station is East Croydon, two miles away), and no houses can be seen. Yet the place can be reached by taxi in half an hour from the heart of London. It is wonderful. The woods cleared by Mr. Abercromby have afforded covert for game since the days of Henry VIII., when that great sportsman used to go a-hunting there, and go a-courting Anne Boleyn in between whiles. Consequently there is a depth of leaf-mould there now which would be almost worth its weight in gold to a nurseryman for potting purposes, and of course it is perfect for growing grass. The formation of the course is gently undulating, and the fairway will not be stony, as the old Addington course was at first; nor are there any terrible stone quarries to get into, as there are across the road. It promises to be a kinder and less exacting course altogether than the old one, though it will be considerably longer. The subsoil is sand—so fine in places that it is quite white: the kind of thing that is found on Chobham Ridges.

As in the building of a house, so in course construction, the creative genius is supplied by the architect;



*The "scoop"—a Canadian device for shifting earth—at work. Each horse scoops something like 3 cwt. at a time, and a string of horses will transform the face of the earth in a very short space of time.*

but no small credit for practical results—such all-important details as the actual modelling of the artist's conception of a green or a bunker—belongs to the firm of Franks, Harris Bros., who have earned something like a monopoly of this important function by their understanding and efficiency. Mr. Claud Harris, himself a very good golfer, keeping his weather-eye open when the Canadians came over during the war, espied the

"scoop" at work and realised its possibilities when war gave way to golf once more. Golfers may, and do, loudly complain about the ruinous running expenses of post-war golf, but they cannot say that their course construction is not most ably and inexpensively done for them.

It might be expected that the construction of such a course as this would cost a fortune, but as a matter of fact it is costing less than it would have done before the war. The saving is effected by better organisation, efficiency and labour-saving devices, which more than compensate for the appalling increase in wages.

Every man must have recreation, fresh air and exercise. Golf supplies all three; and if dwellers in Portman Square and other overcrowded localities in that neighbourhood can jump into their car and get such golf as the New Addington course promises to give them, well under the hour, they won't have much to complain about—even if they can't have such a delightful little golfing bungalow on the spot as Mr. Abercromby has provided himself with.



## HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF SCOTTISH TOLL GATES.

*In this article some interesting facts of the history of Scottish Toll Gates are related by Mr. Spens, who, as the Scottish Secretary of the A.A., is well versed in the lore of that fascinating country and the development of its road system.*

A TOLL, or "tell," is properly a sum of money paid for the use and enjoyment of a privilege or advantage. So far as a road user is concerned it is a payment for passing over a private way, bridge, or ferry. In our early history we find that imposts by the Crown—usually arbitrary and vexatious—often brought with them exemption from other extortions. As instancing life's compensations in the Conqueror's day, the men of Dover who paid the king's just dues on wool, were quit of tolls throughout all England.

When we come to review the story of Scottish tolls, we must recollect that, whereas under the English turnpike system all toll receipts were applied to the payment of road debt under the common law duty and liability of each parish to maintain its public roads, in Scotland, no such liability existing, the tolls were primarily appropriated to maintenance and repairs. In this connection it is at least remarkable that, until the Union of the Crowns, no general provision for repairs or maintenance is to be found in the earlier law of Scotland.

Tolls therefore were latterly the mainstay of the Scottish roads and bridges, but in the early days following the Union we see the statute-labour system of repair at work. Such of the Justices as sat on the seventeenth century Streets and Buildings Committee were required "to convene all tenants and others and their servants by intimation, at the parish church, to meet with horses, carts, and other implements, to repair the highways."

When, however, the work of horses, carts and other implements was insufficient to repair the highways, the authorities were empowered to stent (assess) the heritors at a sum not exceeding 10s. Scots on every £100 of valued rent. On these twin contributions, therefore, of muscle and "stent" the Scottish roads survived, augmented by a levy of moderate customs at bridges, causeys, or ferries;

and thus, while Scotland remained an independent country, the care of roads and bridges, which in earlier days had been purely a parish concern, gradually came to be recognised as a duty of the whole Scottish community at large.

In 1718 the Privy Council of George the First appreciated the advisability of appointing an eighteenth century Telford, while by 1734 in an Act apparently applicable to the entire United Kingdom, the predecessors of Maybury, Dryland, and Ellacott were empowered to cut hedges at the expense of the adjacent landlords or sub-tenants.

Thirty-six years later the Justices were authorised to widen all roads other than turnpike, while their *confrères*, the Commissioners of Supply, were required to lay on an assessment for the acquisition of ground and removal of fences for widening and enlarging the highway roads—as distinct from the turnpike roads—for whose betterment the tolls were duly applied.

The system of statute-labour previously referred to, "based as it was on the parish as the area of common action," soon proved to be quite inadequate for the growing requirements of the general public. There accordingly grew up a parallel system of what were called turnpike roads, constructed on borrowed money, in a large percentage of cases advanced by local landlords, and maintained by various tolls at specified points.

The earliest Turnpike Road Act referable to Scotland was passed in 1713 (two years prior to the Rebellion of '15) and was applicable to the roads and bridges of what is now Midlothian. The system gradually grew into general operation, for between 1750 and 1844 no fewer than 350 Road Acts were passed, and in 1831 a General Turnpike Act consolidated all the previous Acts.

In addition to the Highways and Turnpike Roads above referred to, there was, however, a third classifica-

tion of roads in Scotland, namely, those in the Highlands, regarding which it is now necessary to refer.

The older roads were to a large extent constructed by General Wade and other military authorities to overawe the Jacobite clans at the close of the disastrous year '45. Without proper routes of communication it had been well nigh impossible to follow and subdue the dour and embittered Highlanders, the pathways through whose every strath and glen were known only to their respective clansmen. In place of rugged mountain tracks, impassable for troops, there were gradually substituted winding roads and hog-backed bridges. As the long years passed and the glens poured overseas their remnant of manhood, the Government garrisons slowly dwindled; but even so, in 1859 no fewer than 250 miles of Scottish roads were still maintained by the military forces of the kingdom.

In addition to these roads, yet another class of highway was constructed, under an Act of 1803, called Parliamentary roads, the cost of which was defrayed as to one-half by Parliament and as to the other by the counties or districts affected. The extent of these roads was about 940 miles, and by subsequent Acts power was given to the counties concerned to levy tolls in aid of their assessments.

Other Acts followed, until the year of abolition, 1878, when the management of Scottish roads was operated by (a) the statute-labour and conversion system, affecting highways but not turnpike; (b) turnpike roads system, more or less general in the Lowlands, and (c) the Highland road system, above referred to.

The outstanding practical object of the Act being the entire abolition of both tolls and statute-labour, it was laid down that all existing local Acts, under which tolls and statute-labour were permitted, were to be determined by the first of June, 1883. And thus came the passing of the Toll and the birth of the Road Authority.





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with 5-seater

Touring Body

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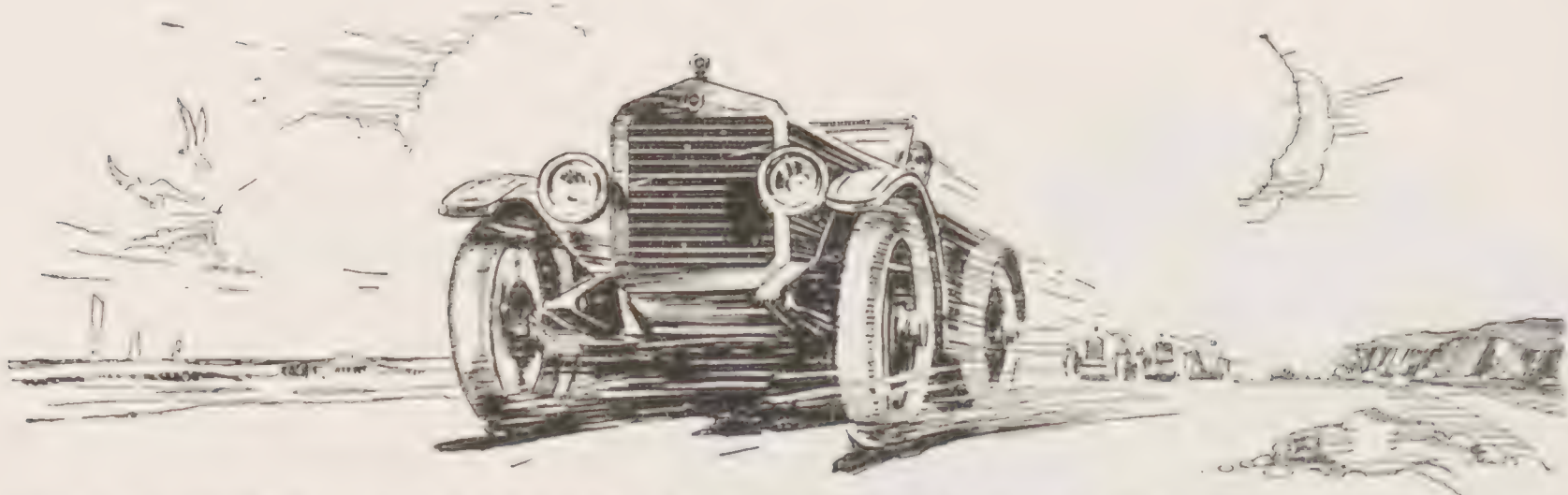
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No one suspected at the South Wales Automobile Club's Hill Climbing and Speed Trials that the Essex had already done over 15,000 miles for a satisfied owner—who now has another Essex.

The maker's policy is to demonstrate what the standard production chassis can do and not to build special jobs for racing. This standard production chassis won 1st and 2nd prizes in the Caerphilly Hill-Climbing Competition and 1st prize in the Porthcawl Rest Bay Sands Speed Trials.

Essex wrested honours from many splendid, costlier cars, and further demonstrating its ability,

## WON THE "MOTOR-OWNER" CUP

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## ANOTHER HOME WIN

The Essex that won in South Wales also won in the Holme Moss Hill-Climbing Competition, July 8th. In the class for cars 2,501 c.c. up to 4,000 c.c. this Essex, which had done over 15,000 miles for a previous owner, was 1st on time and 3rd on formula.

## ESSEX OVERSEAS FEATS

The Essex is known everywhere for the accomplishment of some great feat. It won the Danish Grand Prix in July, setting a new record for the Paris-Copenhagen run of 1,500 kilo. Essex won in 27 hours 58 minutes, beating the previous record by 7 hours 46 minutes.

In the Durban-Pietermaritzburg Hill-Climbing Competition in June the Essex won first place.

These and other Essex records prove that not just one but any Essex car is capable of performing similar feats.

Write for the little booklet on the romance of fast message service—and ask one of the Essex dealers to give you a trial run, then you will marvel at the car value for money in the Essex.

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# S A F E T Y I N S I L E N C E .

*A Sidelight on Paris Street Congestion and Noises.*

*(By our Paris Correspondent.)*

THE traffic problem is regarded as serious in London, but here in Paris we are in much worse trouble. One after another successive "Préfets" of Police, assisted by experts from other great cities, have wrestled with the problem. But the trouble has constantly increased, until now changes in the regulations are being made in such quick succession that the ordinary being wonders why on earth Paris should have to be subjected to such chameleon-like authority as regards the street traffic.

Batches of policemen were sent over to London and to New York to learn the ways of the man "on point duty" and to come back to Paris and put the same methods into force here. But somehow it has not worked out as was expected. The policemen came back able to direct traffic—if the traffic would allow itself to be directed!

If you take your stand at a prominent crossing you will soon see the difference between Ludgate Circus or Wellington Street, as compared with, say, the crossing of the Boulevard Sebastopol and the Boulevard Saint-Denis, or the rue Lafayette and Faubourg Montmartre. When the *agent* stops the traffic in one direction, you will observe that all vehicles which approach from the directions which are "stopped" gradually creep up to the crossing traffic, and at the first opportunity will seize the occasion to pass through. Then a mix-up occurs, which the policeman does not improve by discussing matters with the drivers at fault.

How many varieties of horns and "trompes" are inflicted on our ears I cannot tell. Hundreds and hundreds of them. And these also have had the attention of the powers-that-be with the same result. I happened to be talking to the manager of a concern which manufactures horns, etc., for automobiles. How many varieties? Ah! He knew something about them! He happened to have started at first manufacturing the bells used for bicycles, and afterwards for the

electric cars which began to appear on the Paris streets prior to the war. One fine day these were suppressed by police regulation. Then he made horns—some with single sounds, and some with chords. The latter began to "take on" rapidly, when suddenly there was another police edict—horns with more than one note prohibited! Then we had the "siren." That also was short-lived. So he tackled the "claque-son"—you have seen the name spelled otherwise probably, but it is the same thing. Sales of this were going on swimmingly when the "Code de la Route" came along and the machine which "screamed like a pig" had to go under the seat! It has now been decided that the trompe is to be for automobiles only and the bicycle must have a bell.

Perhaps one of these days the Chief of Police will send round for the professor who recently made a communication to the Academy of Sciences, and caused a sensation by proposing that all sounds of horns, trumpets, bells, or any other noises made with the object of warning people of the approach of a vehicle, should be abolished!

This is the idea of Dr. Marage, who has made a special study of street sounds as affecting the people who are obliged to be continually on the alert when in the streets of our cities and towns. He says that the continual "tromping" of the horns and other fantastic noises are a source of useless irritation to the nervous system, even in very strong people—so much so that many people become prostrate with some illness or other which in reality is a serious nervous disorder caused by the howling, rasping, ramping, and cr-r-r-ouw-king of the various warning appliances.

Dr. Marage says that the ear is extremely sensitive, perhaps the most sensitive of the human organs. The sensitiveness varies with the quality and frequency of the vibrations of sound transmitted. In common parlance, coarse and brutal sounds distress

the ear whilst certain others have an agreeable reception. The ear is very sensitive to harsh or "false" sounds, and is not an inert sort of telephone receiver.

The doctor contends that the various sounds are of no utility for the object in view, for if there is anything remarkable with regard to persons who are either wholly or partially deaf it is that such people figure the least in street accidents. It is a fact, also, that amid the fearful din of bedlam that surrounds us in the daytime in most of the streets in great cities we are the least affected by one sound over another. It is purely a question of "keeping your eyes skinned." Accidents rarely or never occur because the driver didn't "warn." But his "warning" was drowned in the thousand other chords of the glorious uproar which signifies that you are in the midst of civilisation. In other words, you count upon your eyes, not your ears, to save you from accident.

Dr. Marage recommends that sounds should only be given by the drivers of vehicles going at higher speed than walking pace, and that the warning should be for "distances," not for use at a yard or so from the pedestrian. The doctor proposes a deep grave "trompe" sound for the motor car; and whilst the bell for tramways might still be used, it ought to be of a more "musical" sound than is usually the case at present. But he is quite firm in his opinion that in Paris, and in all centres of great activity, the horn or other instrument of warning ought to be abolished by law. E. D.

County surveyors and other highway authorities have communicated with the Automobile Association reporting that motorists occasionally take large coping stones from walls, etc., for use as "scotches" for their wheels on steep hills, subsequently driving off without removing the stones. The A.A. would emphasise the importance of replacing such objects after they have served their purpose.



WHEN IS A NUMBER PLATE NOT A NUMBER PLATE?

## J E K Y L L   A N D   H Y D E .

*One would hardly look for a car of such differing qualifications that it might be classified as in the Jekyll and Hyde category. Yet there is one, and we review its striking variety of performance capacity.*

**I**F you have ever seen *Jekyll and Hyde*, and, further, have a run on one of the three-litre Bentley cars, you will probably share our view that it represents Jekyll and Hyde in automobile performance. That is the outstanding feature of the car. It has a dual personality. Its duality is most marked. It forces the Jekyll and Hyde phrase to your mind. It is two cars in one. And now let us explain in a little further detail.

In crowded traffic you can drive this Bentley just exactly in the same manner as any other well-bred 15.9 h.p. car. She will come down to about eight miles an hour on top gear without any bother or fuss—just as any other good touring car will. That—an it please you—is the Jekyll side of the programme.

Then you find yourself on a good deserted stretch of open road—or, shall we say, Brooklands?—and “put your foot down.” The charming docility of the Jekyll characteristic is immediately swamped by the roaring rapacity of the Hyde qualifications. The car leaps into its stride, the speedometer needle rises up, up, up, and you find yourself hurtling along—or round the track?—at a steady 80 m.p.h. All this is very wonderful especially in a fifteen horse-power car. In neither attribute taken separately would there be anything abnormally startling. It is when you get such a happy combination of the

characteristics in the one car that the dual performance capacity is so remarkable. And we think this feature possibly the most charming aspect of the three-litre Bentley.

Running out to St. Albans we had an opportunity of studying the car in the intermediate stages of its extreme capabilities. Here you have a fine touring speed capacity, and so soon as you have got accustomed to handling the car you can “talk to her”—do anything you like. Even with an all-weather body, a hill like Brockley can be “smothered” if you make the change into third quickly enough. There are four speeds, and as they can be changed easily enough, and the engine is a high-speed one, it obviously pays to “nip into third” in good time.

Thus we ambled gently on to St. Albans, noting how comfortably the

car rides at a good touring speed. St. Albans is an interesting old town. Far too many motorists pass through it without giving it the study its antiquity warrants. Do you know St. Albans? Do you know the little quaint inn, “Ye Old Fighting Cocks”? Do you know its history? It is well worth a passing mention, and a visit when passing. As the photograph indicates, this old inn is octagonal in shape. The parlour is built round an ancient cockpit, and it is said that the “bloods” from London used to repair thither for the surreptitious enjoyment of that sport, when it was made illegal.

The road leading to and from this interesting little detour gives one a good opportunity for appreciating the easy steering qualities of the Bentley, and its generally easy control. In short, that is the great feature of the car to which we would draw especial attention. It is quite wrong to think of the Bentley merely as a speed or sporting model. It is a thoroughly docile touring car, and a joy to handle under all normal conditions. It is only when you really want the speed that its fame as a sports car is so thoroughly justified. But for normal touring conditions it is a normally behaved high-grade touring car. And that is why we term it the Jekyll and Hyde car. It has a distinct dual personality, and you can call upon either just as the whim or circumstance dictates.



*We do not know how many “oldest inhabited houses” there are in the country, but this one makes very definite claims to that distinction.*



FIVE PICTURES OF A THREE LITRE.



Many cars have a remarkably good turn of speed, and many are examples of excellence for ordinary touring or traffic conditions. We thought it remarkable, however, that the Bentley, with its exceptional speed capabilities, should prove so very docile in traffic, under which conditions you can drive her like any ordinary high-grade 15 h.p. touring car. Quite a Jekyll and



Hyde dual personality affair! These photographs are taken round about St. Albans and show the pleasing lines of the car either as an all-weather or an open tourer. The bottom right-hand picture shows the wide door, the large steering wheel, the neat dash—and also, of course, the young lady at the wheel! Incidentally, she assured us that the control pedals were exceptionally easy.





## S L I G H T   A D J U S T M E N T S .

By C. B. Dignam.

*How often is "Rebuilding" the definition of "Slight Adjustments" !*

**I** REMEMBER once (said Tony reminiscently) a man named Jimmy—known as "O'Goblins"—handing me a cutting from a motor paper. It was an advertisement, and ran something like this:—

Car for sale. Cheap. Two str. 15 h.p. 4 Cyl. Bosch. 3 Spd. & R. Nice body. Repainted. Hood. Screen. Lamps. Tyres fair. Wants slight adjustments. Apply, after 6, 15, St. Umas Road, Forest Gate.

Jimmy wanted me to go and see the bus. If it looked all right, I was to make an offer not exceeding seventy pounds, do the necessary work to enable the car to be driven away, as I was so clever at that sort of thing!

As it was then too late, I sent the advertiser a wire saying that I should not be able to come over that day, but naturally this wasn't delivered until the next morning. When I arrived at Forest Gate, the man was out. He had read the telegram to mean *that* night.

I was beginning to bless Jimmy, I may tell you.

Well, I went over again the following evening, and found the man—hereinafter called the owner—at home. He was sorry about the mistake over the wire, and "would I please step in and have a look at the car?" He steered me into a dark and gloomy shed, where I saw a pile of wreckage which he had the nerve to call "a car."

I do not know exactly what constitutes "slight adjustments," but I *do* know it doesn't mean having to rebuild! There was the radiator in one corner, the gear-box was

resting on the back seat, all the tyres were flat, the cylinders were strewn about all over the place, and the back axle was in as many pieces as it was possible for it to be.

I rang Jimmy up about it, and told him that I had offered the owner "twenty" for it, but that he wanted thirty. Was I to close at that price, and get on with it? James said that thirty was O.K., and would I please start at once, as he wanted it by Saturday afternoon at the latest.

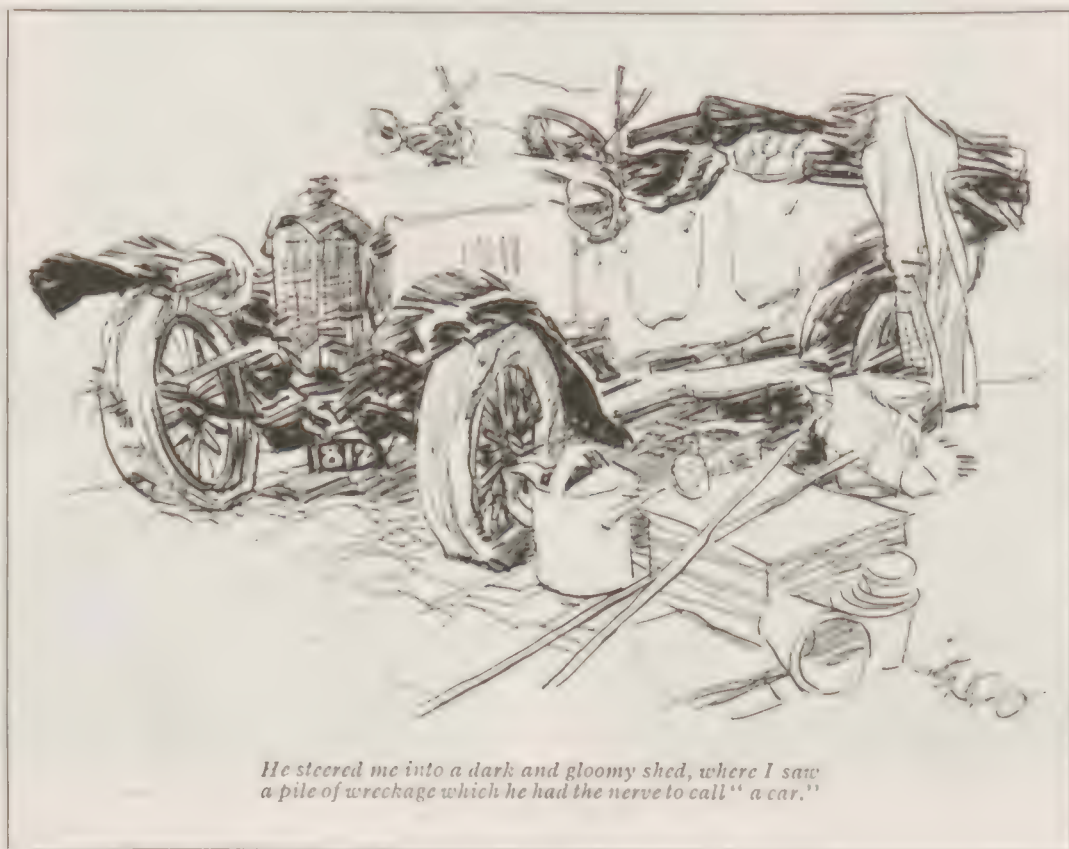
It took me about two hours to find all the bits of the back axle, and then the differential was incomplete. The crown wheel was missing, and came to light in the kitchen, having been taken there by one of the owner's sweet little offsprings. I would have made shock absorbers of them, myself. Thank goodness they didn't trouble me much that night. I worked by candle-light, and every now and then one or more of the candles would fall

over, leaving me in total darkness with a greasy portion of the car in my hands, and with no idea where the candle had dropped. When I had found the candle I had lost the part.

At half-past one, the last candle fell over. I had no matches, so I had to get out of my overalls in the dark, and find my way over the car. To make things rather easier, the car touched both sides of the shed, and when I wished to get anything (which was pretty often) I had to climb right over the affair to get it.

As I was turning away from the front door, after putting the key inside, a policeman collared me, under the impression that I was a burglar. He insisted on waking the owner up, and had him downstairs to vouch for me. We were parting fairly good friends, but the door slammed, leaving him on the wrong side in his pam-jams, and he had to get his wife to come down to let him in. Apparently she had to make an elaborate toilette for this purpose. Anyway she was a slow dresser. Still, I think it was the drizzle that really made him fretful!

In the morning I restarted work, assisted by the dear children. I couldn't find the magneto for a long time, and eventually dug it out of the wheelbarrow, all covered with dirt and leaves. If I put a thing down for a second, one of those imps would whip it up, and disappear for half an hour. A set of box spanners that I set great store by was cooked up with the family greens, and didn't improve their colour!



*He steered me into a dark and gloomy shed, where I saw a pile of wreckage which he had the nerve to call "a car."*



## AN INFINITE CAPACITY—FOR MAKING REPAIRS!

Master Harold upset some green paint into the lower half of the crank case which I had just cleaned, and then rushed off screaming to tell his mother that I had smacked him. And then, while I was making the best of it with Ma, the other fiend—Freddie—sneaked half a dozen new piston rings I had bought, and broke a couple trying to get them over the dog's head. Thank goodness the dog bit him, and distracted Ma's attention, so that I was able to get the paint off without being told I was an inhuman brute to hit a poor innocent lamb!

I couldn't find the fourth cylinder—they were of an old type, and separate. I hunted high and low, and only succeeded in knocking a gudgeon pin through a hole in the shed floor. At the risk of being severely reprimanded, I ventured into the house and interviewed Ma, making friends with the dog-bitten child by giving him a piece of moth-eaten chocolate which I found in my overall pocket.

At the first sign of a smile from Freddie, Ma began to thaw, and sent Harold to look for the cylinder.

"What was that I saw you planting chestnuts in?" she said to the little beast. "Be a good boy, and fetch it for the gentleman."

Harold, departing to the coal cellar, presently appeared with the missing cylinder, smothered with mud, rust, and coal dust, with a lot of green shoots sprouting from the valve ports and plug hole.

Towards the end of that perfect day I had really made good progress. The car began to look like a car, and not like a scrap heap. But my nerves were on edge, and I was prepared to scream at anyone who got in my way.

Later on in the evening, when the kids had gone to bed, I staggered up the garden with the radiator, which needed repairing, and used the gas stove as a blow lamp to heat the soldering iron. It was frightfully hot in the 4 ft. by 5 ft. scullery, but I had to have the gas on to see what I was doing. I had the window and the door open, but even then the temperature never dropped below about 700 degrees Fahrenheit.

I left at two in the morning, as the radiator not only wanted repairing, but rebuilding as well, and I left then only because I had run out of selder. Unfortunately, although I locked up the back door all right, and also locked the side gate, I forgot to close the window of the scullery and leave the key behind.

In the morning I found Ma almost in hysterics. It appeared that Pa had developed a cold from being out in the rain in his pam-jams the night before. The cats had got in through the open window, and had eaten the best part of a joint of mutton. The dog had gone downstairs with his "Klaxon" in full blast to investigate, and when he found the cats there was such a fearful row that Ma had had a heart attack. Naturally, I had forgotten to turn off the gas, and the stove and the scullery light had been burning all night. The radiator had been left in the sink, and Ma had found it too heavy to lift. Pa had been late down, and had gone to the office without any breakfast. The milkman, unable to open the side door, had left the can outside, and some one had sneaked the can.

I was glad to escape into the shed, take off my coat and start work. Then I discovered that the bright children had stuffed a lot of shavings into the cylinders via the plug holes. What I couldn't get away I left inside the

engine, and turned into carbon deposit with the aid of petrol and a match, trusting that they'd be blown out when I got the engine started.

In the evening Pa came home with the toothache; his cold was worse. Having heard all the news from Ma, he came to tell me about it again. I stopped him, but he asked me "What was I going to do about it?"

"There's the gaz goig all dide," he wheezed, "ad the leg ov buddod eaded ub by the cads!"

I told him to make a bill out for the gas, and also for the joint. I would pay when I settled for the car. The bill, when he brought it out, took my breath away.

I told him to "guess again." He had been under the impression that I was going to pay for a quarter, and a winter one at that, but there was nothing doing; so Pa went back, and presently appeared with an account for twenty-seven and sixpence for the gas, and eight shillings for the *calas-trophe*.

I finished the car that night, and said I'd call round in the morning with the money.

On Saturday morning it rained, and continued to rain. I comforted myself by thinking that the car had a hood—till I saw it open. It let water in like the inner tubes let air out.

By the time I reached Jimmy's place I was dog tired, and covered with chalk and solution from head to foot. However, I managed to crawl into his garage with the two remaining tyres going down.

"James," I said, "here's your receipt, and I have put your filthy car away. I will send you in a bill for some of the most loathsome work I have ever done, in circumstances that would have riled a saint. I have lost pounds in weight, and my nerves are in shreds. I have met a charming family whom I hate like poison. I believe the lamps on the car were not intended to go with it, but I got so's I didn't care what happened so long as I left the neighbourhood. No doubt you will hear all sorts of nice things about me. And now can I have some tea, please?"

\* \* \* \*

"Well," said Tony, pausing for breath, "Jimmy's a dirty dog with a perverted sense of humour. It seems he saw the car the day before I did, and made a bet with a friend that I would do the job in two days. I was getting too fat and lazy, he said!"



By the time I reached Jimmy's place I was dog tired, and covered with chalk and solution from head to foot.



## HOW GARDENS ARE MURDERED.

By Ruslin Lieves.

*The Author is a well-known authority on gardening matters, and takes exception to certain present-day developments. He puts forward a plea for greater simplicity, and gives you some happy suggestions for beautifying your garden.*

ALTHOUGH the irresistible lure of the road is always beckoning the car-owner away from home to track adventure "by winding ways to distant scenes," he hears with as much pleasure the call that he as fondly follows as any other man—the call of his garden. As a man having travelled far over the earth's surface among foreign scenes and faces loves his homeland more profoundly on his return, so the motorist, leaving home at the dictates of business or pleasure, returns to it with a keener appreciation of those comforts and treasures of his house nestled in a domain of leaf and sward and blossom. Proportionately with the effort he has bestowed upon his garden his domestic bounty as a rule is increased. We are all garden lovers—it is the garden makers who are so rare—but to whichever category we belong, is it not with the keenest anticipation we visit an estate to find that the garden is a really vital part of the home, and not a uniform expanse of brick and stone laid out on formal lines where foliage and flowers have been kept rigidly in subjection? Do we not sorrow to find the cheerless aggregation of unintelligible shrubbery which coldly greets us at so many English country residences?

The car has made living in the country convenient to many folk unwilling to be cut off too remotely from the amenities of town life, and it will be acknowledged that it is the car owners in this position who are mainly responsible for the

many beautiful gardens now adorning the countryside which have sprung into existence coincidentally with the development of country sites and motor-ing facilities. A man's car or cars often provide some indication of his wealth, but do not so readily determine his character; it is in his garden that you may find the key to his personality. The motor owner is no purist in the affairs of the garden, neither is he a garden bore. He likes a good thing and wants it to be in the best running order, sensibly planned to ensure economy of effort without minimising the best possible effect. He realises that one can be too finicky over wearisome bedding out in geometric and parterre-like patterns which give a fleeting picture and need continual replanting with generally more labour than the results warrant.

The time of year is nearly at hand when reconstructional work in the garden is undertaken; and, of course, the question of re-shaping the existing

plan or the carrying out of an entirely new scheme is influenced largely by the site. Naturally one will not attempt to imitate a style that has been admired on a friend's premises without expert advice. In country sites Nature is usually a man's reliable ally, and if he has only the good sense to conform to her plan, to adapt his ideas to the mould she has provided, his labours will be halved and the result be the permanent pleasure that springs from harmonious design. Too many rash and pretentious experiments are attempted to secure striking effects. A garden should never emulate the qualities required of a successful hoardings poster: we get tired even of the best. Contrasts, of course, are admissible, and are always a source of pleasure in the garden as in natural landscape, which abounds in them, but seldom discordantly. The surest guide to the successful planning of a good garden is to ignore geometrical design, the straight-edge and the

plumb-line; to let the garden, following natural lines, be like a river of bloom, shrub and tree. Clipped or topiary trees involving mutilation of natural forms to achieve crude or far-fetched designs are not in good taste and cannot be reconciled to a sincere love of foliage beauty. If they cannot be dispensed with altogether they should be used solely for partitioning or hedging, for which purposes alone they are included in the finest examples of the English garden.

Gigantesque statuary and hard architectural designs also need to be used



*An ideal Rock Garden, with Spanish gorse flowering prominently.*



'TIS SILLY TO SACRIFICE SCENT.

with caution. In fact, the builder's part in the making of a garden should be always subordinate to that of the landscape gardener or competent adviser of planting possibilities.

There is a tendency to import colossal slabs of stone reminiscent of the cromlechs and Stonehenge into rock and waterfall gardens, and these are inclined to have a cheerless aspect, because generally laid down without regard to the encouragement of vegetation which will transform their cold grey or brown shapes into the beauty of living plants and mosses. A rockery need never be dull or barren, because any reliable nurseryman can supply a selection of saxifrages, sedums, campanulas, gentians and scores of other suitable rock plants that will make such a garden a joy to the eye all the year round. When the beds and borders, flowering shrubs and surrounding trees have surrendered their charms to winter's rigours there can always be a bright spot for us in the well-kept rockery.

Garden ornaments look best when few and used with the utmost discretion, not as if they were calling for attention to themselves as bright, particular gems in a garden used as mere setting or background, but quietly suggesting uniformity with their environment. They need to feel at home, and must have just as careful placing for true effect as anything the garden grows. They should not be too archaic. The garden should not

be a museum or give the impression that the owner is a collector of statuary. Each ornament should seem to be just what was wanted either to impart atmosphere, heighten an effect, complete a vista, or light up an uninteresting corner.

These comments may appear to border upon the obvious, and they are made only because it is equally

high walls, and the elimination of splendid lawns to give place to stone terracing and sunken stonework gardens is almost a crime. These things, however, have been perpetrated on many a fine estate. What we should appreciate most is a return to simplicity in our gardens, which will always give pleasure where generous space has been allotted to the

herbaceous borders, and where a broad sweep of lawn stretches out to them from the house. There the hardy perennials in wide variety and profusion offer a succession of bloom from early spring to late autumn, and the rockery, as we have said, can always be gay. These two styles, at least, with little trouble will unfold their charms with recurring freshness from year to year, leaving one's hands free to cultivate in other directions new beauties for the garden of our heart's desire. And change is the cream of garden delight.



*Reflections in the Lily Pool at Aldenham.*



*A grassy path between gay borders at Earlham Hall.*



## B A C K T O S O L I D T Y R E S !

By Wilfred Gordon Aston.

*Is this too bold a step, and is it a sign of retrogression?*

NOT only from the technical but also from the motor-owner's point of view, one of the most interesting things which have recently occurred has been the announcement of the materialisation of a very promising light general-utility car under the name of the "Trojan."

This vehicle, which in any case would command respect, having regard to the firm which has sponsored it, embraces many unusual features, and it may be said at once that its departure from orthodox practice in so many important details constitutes one of the best reasons for supposing that it will achieve a big success.

Over and above its four-cylinder two-stroke engine, its epicyclic two-speed gear-box, its remarkable simplicity, its road performance, the most outstanding individuality of the Trojan is its adoption of solid tyres. I must confess that when I learnt of this feature I said to myself: "That is a bold step. I am rather inclined to think that is *too* bold!" But a further consideration of the matter has led me to the belief that it may not be so.

Now, to return to solid tyres struck me as "bold" for this reason, that it appears to be dead against the weight of both technical and non-technical opinion. As to the first, it is common knowledge that the crude old cars of early days had solids which were quickly displaced by pneumatics, and, further, that what appeared to be the legitimate province of the solid (namely its use on heavy commercial vehicles) is now being more and more invaded by its inflated rival. As to the second point, the public is *not used* to seeing passenger, or even, utility, light cars run-

ning about on comparatively narrow strips of rubber. There are many considerations which justify the fitting of solid tyres to the Trojan, and it may be not without interest if these be now touched upon. First of all it must be admitted that Price, both as relating to primary and to running costs, plays a most important part in determining any attribute of a definitely cheap car. A set of five pneumatics costs somewhere about £25 for a car of the Trojan's weight. A set of solids, of the same load capacity, costs, I understand, something under £8, and, needless to say, in the absence of any liability to punctures or bursts, no spare wheel or tyre has to be carried.

The next point that has to be considered relates to the ability of the car to go anywhere. One assumes that the genuine utility vehicle is to be expected to have a sphere of activity well outside ordinary made roads.

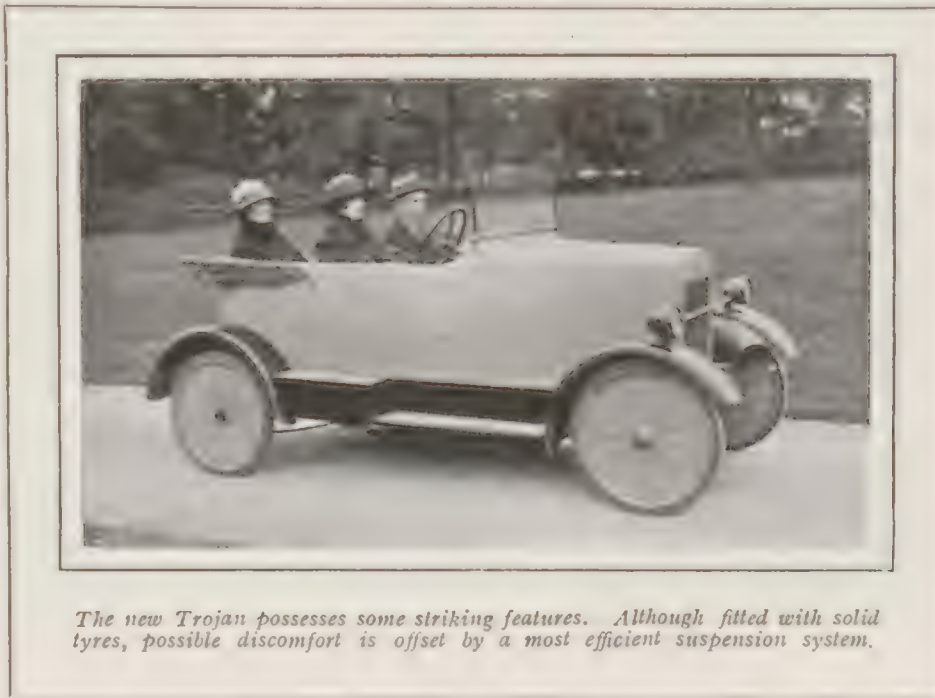
On the other hand, no such advantage, however overwhelming it might be in certain circumstances, could be held to counterbalance the necessity for adequate comfort. It can be taken as

axiomatic that the owner of a car costing under £250 has precisely the same ideals of physical happiness as he who can afford a two thousand pounder. He may not expect to get quite the same comfort, but he insists upon something approaching the best possible.

Hence, it becomes clear that solids would not be feasible unless they were combined with a somewhat special suspension system, and this, in point of fact, proves to be the case in the Trojan chassis. The springing is distinctly original. The cantilever springs for both front and rear axles are so long that they actually overlap one another on the chassis side members. A still more important point is that that part of each spring which lies between the axle and the pivot consists of the ordinary laminations all riveted together, so that relative movement between leaf and leaf cannot take place.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that in one sense at least solid tyres may actually contribute to good suspension, to wit, in connection with their leading to a convenient reduction in unsprung axle weight. I have not any accurate figures at command, but I should venture a guess that the Trojan wheel, complete with tyre, weighs decidedly less than the pneumatic tyred wheel of a similar powered light car of orthodox type. Furthermore, the Trojan axle is without a differential, and therefore exceedingly light in weight.

This policy is unquestionably a wise one. Had it been adopted in other and earlier "utility" cars they might have enjoyed considerably greater success, instead of turning out, for the most part, hopeless failures.



*The new Trojan possesses some striking features. Although fitted with solid tyres, possible discomfort is offset by a most efficient suspension system.*





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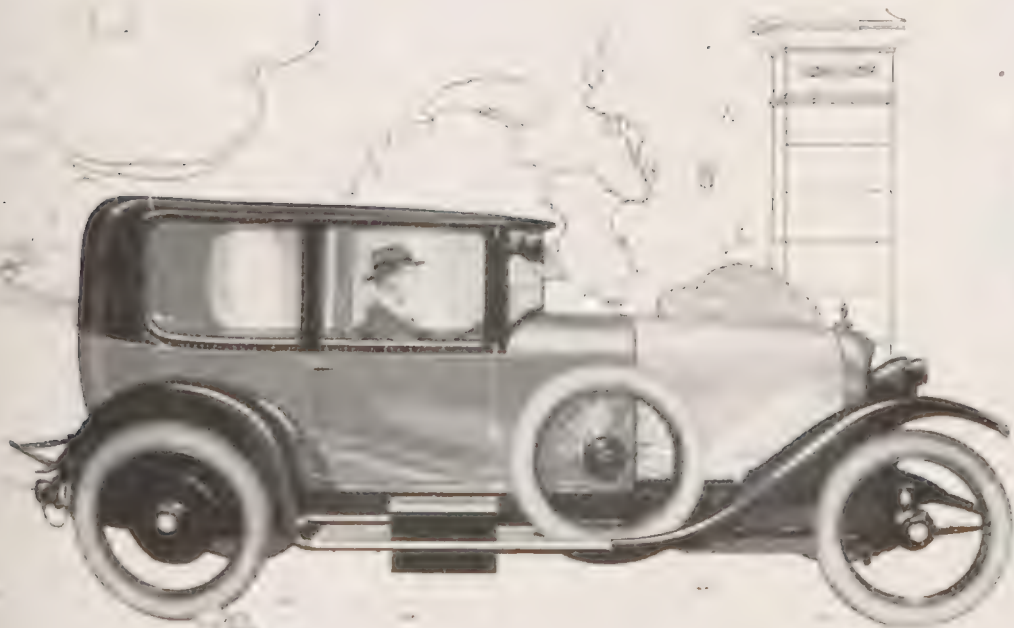
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"I had the differential of my 8'9 Clement-Bayard filled with

## AMBROLEUM

"CLINGS TO THE TEETH"

and have since run it nearly eight thousand miles. I have just now examined the box and find it practically full of the grease. Will you kindly let me know when you advise me to empty it out and the easiest way."

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O.K. 3587 AND QUITE O.K. 2!

## OPENING UP A NEW ERA.

*A most praiseworthy effort is being made by the Austin Company to provide a standard practice small car at a reasonable price. How well they have succeeded is explained in the notes below.*

**W**E consider that one of the most praiseworthy efforts ever undertaken by a British motor-car manufacturer finds expression in the new 7 h.p. Austin small car. The people responsible for its design have endeavoured to take a long view of the ultimate evolution of the small car at a small price, and one of the chief factors they visualised in their ideal was a small four-cylinder water-cooled engine produced on orthodox principles. One is prepared to admit that an air-cooled engine with two cylinders and the same power could be produced for a rather less cost. But the complete car price of this new Austin is so very definitely on the reasonable side that one can gladly excuse what small additional outlay is necessitated by the provision of a four-cylinder water-cooled engine.

Sir Herbert Austin, O.B.E., recently gave us his views in relation to this new-comer. He is anxious to see the old phrase, "Motoring for the Million," become more closely allied to practical politics than it has ever been previously. He is also desirous of providing car comfort and safety at a price which will stand close scrutiny on the value

for money basis when compared with a high-grade motor-cycle and side-car attachment.

Comfortable accommodation is provided for two adults, the front seats being of the bucket type, and, incidentally, adjustable and detachable. The space of the rear seat is purposely kept down to small dimensions, but will take two or three children, whilst there is also accommodation for luggage. Briefly reviewing other interesting features of the carriage work, there is a spare wheel, a good wind-screen, a hood with side curtains, sections of which open with the doors. There is also an electric horn and dynamo electric lighting.

The gear-box provides three speeds and a reverse, ball-bearings being used throughout, a remark which is also applicable to the rear axle. The final drive is by helical bevels with metal universal joints.

An interesting innovation on so small a car is the adoption of four-wheel braking, all parts of the brake mechanism being interchangeable. The front wheel brakes are operated by the hand lever, a detail of construction which we are pleased to note, as otherwise the idea would be open to argu-

ment. If front wheel brakes are not very accurately designed and adjusted, it is quite easy to encounter front-wheel skids on corners, or even with ordinary steering effort. It would appear that the ingenuity of operating the front-wheel brakes only by the hand lever eliminates that danger.

There are other items of importance. Primarily comes the question of cost, which is £225 for the complete car, which in running trim only weighs a shade over 6 cwt. The happy appearance of this new small car can be judged from the pictures. We are pleased to offer the Austin Company our heartiest congratulations on the specification they are able to offer at this price, which certainly marks the commencement of a new era in post-war British small car achievement. Petrol consumption works out at about 60 miles to the gallon, and this little new-comer is capable of some 50 m.p.h. on the open road. Good luck to her! The effort deserves success. It is very probable that the coming season will witness a marked development in this type of small car built on standard lines, and we confidently look for a large number of these new Austins on the road.



*Two good drives—by car and club!*

*How happy one could be—with both!*



## ESTATES FOR MOTOR-OWNERS.

*Deferring to an oft-repeated request we have recently, as our readers will have noticed, given special attention in the advertisement columns to important and interesting estates on the market, and to prominent estate agents who have those and other attractive properties at their command.*

**A** SMALL — but somewhat unique—estate is offered by Messrs. Battam and Heywood (Davies Street) in "The Lea," Esher, illustrated in last month's issue. It should appeal to the well-to-do City man desirous of acquiring a good house in a perfectly rural setting, yet close to town. "Hopton Hall," near Lowestoft, an estate of about 50 acres, with a fine old Georgian residence, was also illustrated last month. It is for sale freehold, and we understand a very reasonable figure is contemplated. Other properties coming more or less within the same category are offered by the firm in this number, including two old-world places so sought after and so hard to secure.

At their Estate Rooms, 20, St. James's Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, September 19th, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will submit to auction several country properties, including a delightful residence with a large garden situated in West London, and known as Milverton, Hanger Hill, Ealing. The Chesters, Eastbourne; a compact freehold residence with large garden. Hognore Hill, Wrotham, Kent; a small freehold country property with garage and pleasure grounds of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres, but more land can be had, if required. Coombe Wood, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight; a beautifully fitted residence with stabling and garage, also delightful pleasure grounds of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres. The Forge, Sevenoaks, Kent; a picturesque half-timbered cottage residence with exceedingly pretty pleasure grounds and paddock—in all, about 7 acres; and Winton House, Richmond; a modern family residence with small but well-kept garden.

A sale of considerable importance is to take place shortly, Sir George Thursby, Bart., having decided to sell a large portion of his estates on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, near Burnley, and Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 20, St. James's Square, the agents employed, are shortly issuing particulars in over 100 lots. The Mansion, "Ormerod House,"

lying on the edge of the moors, has already been sold, with the park surrounding it and the property included in the auction, which will take place at Burnley on September 11th and 13th next. It extends to about 3,500 acres, and includes about 30 dairy and grazing farms, three country residences, the well-known Burnley Turf Moor Football Ground, cricket grounds, numerous cottages, in addition to building and accommodation lands in the neighbourhood of Burnley and Nelson.

During September the old-fashioned residence known as "Scots Hill," Croxley Green, Hertfordshire, is to be submitted to public auction by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, of Mount Street. The property occupies a charming position on the crest of a hill, and commands extensive views of the Chess Valley and the wooded country beyond. The residence is well equipped with every modern convenience, and the pleasure grounds, of exquisite beauty, are a great feature, and form a most charming setting to the house. No expense has been spared in maintaining them in perfect condition. They include herbaceous borders, pergolas, parterre and rose gardens, espalier apple and pear trees, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden and a charming grass orchard, the whole covering an area of about 4 acres.

One of the properties mentioned in the announcement of Messrs. Goddard and Smith in the forepart of this magazine is worthy of special attention. We refer to Heatherhurst Grange, which will be offered at the auction on September 21st next. The estate is situated in an exquisite part of Surrey, yet within easy reach of London. The particulars in the announcement give but a faint idea of the attractions offered, and a visit to the neighbourhood would be well worth the effort.

In closing a most successful season, Messrs. Harrods announce that they have sold by private treaty within the last few days the following properties:

BOWDEN, LACOCK, WILTS.—A charm-

ing Elizabethan residence situate in a high position, commanding unrivalled views over the beautiful Avon Valley and Westbury Hills. The house stands in delightful grounds of about 45 acres. There are also 4 cottages, 2 lodges and capital model farmery.

RADNOR HALL, ELSTREE.—This property appeals very strongly to a City man, there being a good train service, and it is within easy reach by motor; in fact, the present owner frequently dines in town and motors to Radnor afterwards.

BRAYDON HALL, MINETY.—A particularly attractive gentleman's farm, comprising a really charming house and about 200 acres of land.

BRYMPTON, DORKING, SURREY.—A well-built residence, standing in about 6 acres of beautifully matured pleasure grounds.

SNELSMORE HOUSE, NEWBURY.—An important residential property, standing in its own park, with cottages and outbuildings.

ST. MARGARET'S, SOUTH NORWOOD.—A property occupying an unique position with splendid views.

The amount of country property disposed of this year up to the present time in round figures is approximately £400,000.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior are experiencing a very busy time, and have several interesting properties for disposal which are not mentioned in their page announcement elsewhere.

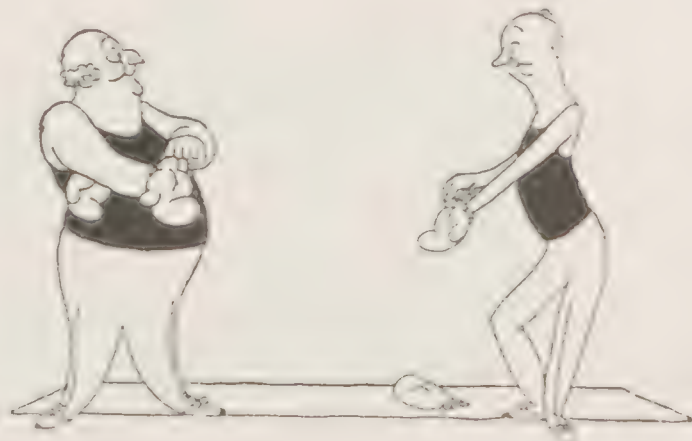
As we go to press we are informed that a very attractive residence with grounds of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres situated in Mid Kent; a mansion and grounds in Middlesex; an old Sussex Farm House recently completely restored at great expense; also several West End premises, are about to be offered by this enterprising firm.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have an unusually fine section of old and valuable country properties at their command, and we understand that particulars of some very exceptional properties will be noted in the Estate Section of our September issue.



OH, VERY FRIENDLY.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE SPARRING BOUT.





# THE MOTORIST'S BOOKSHELF.

By Aylmer Norris.

*From Paris to Algiers—Far Afield in Fiction—Malaya and Tropic Seas.*

MANY motorists are this year contemplating a cross-channel holiday. Either in Normandy, among the Chateaux in Touraine, in picturesque Brittany, or historic Belgium. Some no doubt will make their way to Paris along the fine roads from the sea coast, and if they have antiquarian interests or a love for old and historic buildings, they will find *Historic Paris*, by Jetta S. Wolff (Lane, 10s. 6d.), with many charming illustrations, a guide, philosopher and friend. She leads one to spots which it is good to see, because the most typical life of Paris, with all its changefulness, surges around one there.

To the student of Paris here is a fascinating volume; for most it will have interest.

## TO ALGIERS.

A very pleasant and interesting book of travel experiences in North Africa is Lady Warren's *Through Algeria and Tunisia on a Motor-Bicycle* (Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d.). It makes no pretensions to being profound or didactic; but, what is far better, contains some bright patches of description, useful information for the would-be traveller in Algeria and Tunisia, and is readable throughout.

Lady Warren has some good words for that much maligned class the British Consul. She also found Algerian and Tunisian hotels singularly lacking in the matter of baths and comfort. Most travellers who have been in Tunisia will agree with her that the Chemin de la Corniche from Tabarca to Bone

is magnificent as regards its scenery; though narrow, precipitous, and in not a few places dangerous save when travelled at a very moderate speed. One of the most amusing and interesting chapters is that headed "Khairouan," and one gathers that even the gentle Tunisian is not above "arranging" native entertainments for the deception of tourists. The authoress is loud in her praises of the beauty and interest of the Roman remains scattered through the country, especially those of Tabessa and Timgad. Motorists who intend to go to Algiers will do well to get and read this book.

## IN FAR COUNTRIES.

There is a great attraction in the novel which, besides being a good story, introduces the reader to life as it is lived in far-off lands. Some excellent novels of this kind have come my way recently. *The Owl and the Moon*, by Marion Osmond (John Long, 7s.), takes one out to a rubber plantation in Malaya. One gets vivid glimpses of the life of native Malay and Chinese servants, of the passions which afflict poor white humanity so often in tropical climes, of the superstition, and the

fatalism of natives. Annabel and Jim Rendell are well-drawn characters, typical of those regions where civilisation, as it were, only hangs to the skirts of savagery. A good and readable novel.

*Mid Tropic Isles*, by J. H. Ross and S. Barnard (John Long, 7s.), is a type of the open-air novel with an island setting that H. de Vere Stacpoole made popular. One has the sunshine, the reef, and the sea; and incidentally a graceful heroine and a gallant hero who were the sole survivors of a shipwreck. One can see complications and excitement ahead, and the adventures of the castaways provide capital holiday reading for a summer's day.

## A NEW DETECTIVE.

The mere title of this capital detective story by James Hay, jun., *The Unlighted House* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.), raises one's expectations, which, let me at once say, are not disappointed. Who stole the secret papers? and Who murdered Edward Revis? are questions which take some unravelling. George Darden's task is no light one, and he gives his readers some thrills and moments of suspense ere the

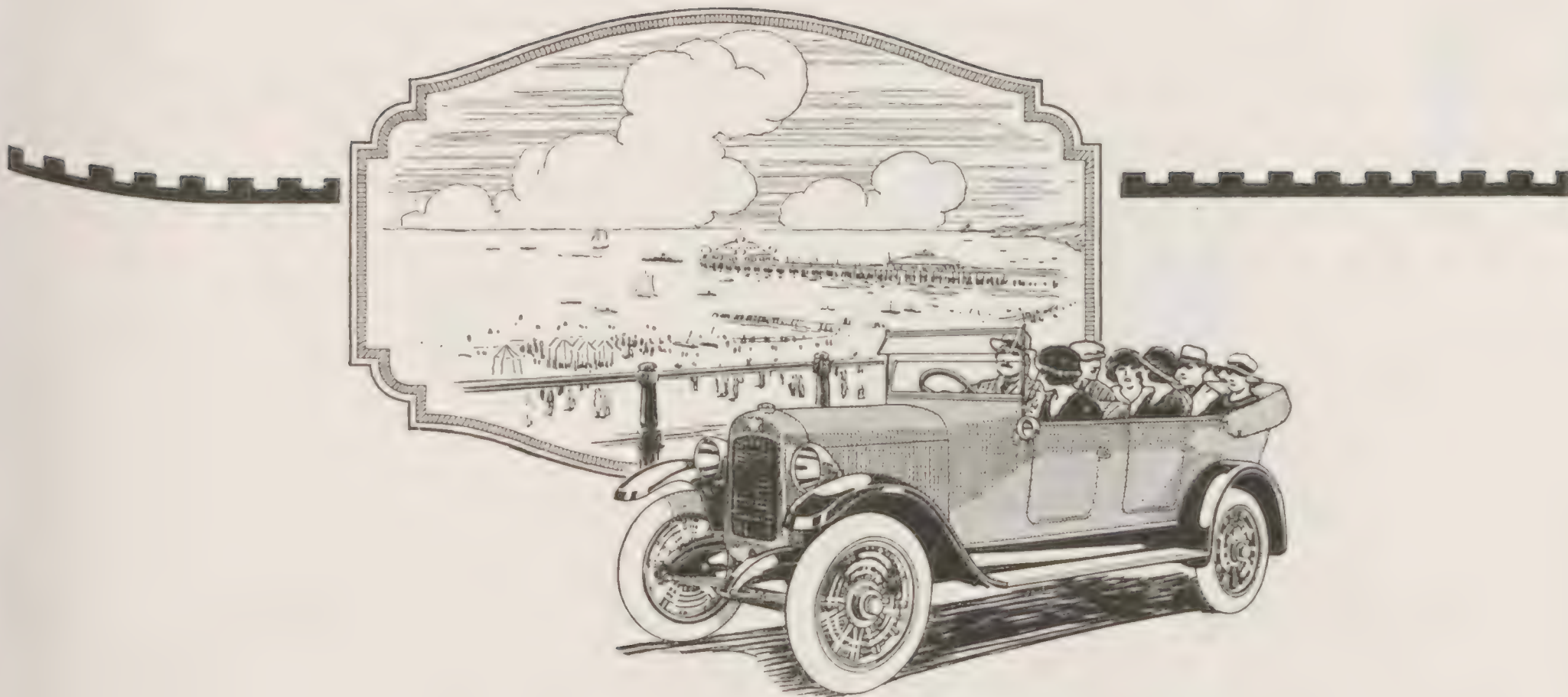
mystery is solved. He proves a rather new type of detective, and one can do with such in fiction.

*Quadrille Court*, by Cecil Adair (Stanley Paul, 2s.) is described as a "Joy of Life" novel. It is certainly a happy story that the girl in the car, who does not require ultra-exciting or the problem type of fiction, will enjoy. It is a cheerful story, and is handy in form.



*An impression of Temulhut, sketched by Lady Warren from her sidecar.*





## Good Holidays

depend upon pleasing oneself every moment. With an Austin car one may journey and stay when and where he will, discovering new scenes, and loitering to enjoy new interests. Time-tables, strange travelling company, and luggage raise no disturbing difficulties. With a family the cost differs little from that of railway travel, but enjoyment cannot be measured in money.

The 7-seater touring model, £755 at works, is illustrated.

*The Austin Twenty*

*The Advocate*—the Austin Car Owners' Journal—5/- per annum, post free at home and abroad. *Mention this Journal.*

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L 1557.—Lady's Morocco Leather Expanding Motor Case, Lined Silk, with Plain Sterling Silver and Ivory Fittings.  
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*That the quality of Motor Spirit  
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*What every Motorist ought to know!*

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ELIMINATION OF PINKING.**

**SUSTAINED PULLING POWER.  
MAXIMUM MILES PER GALLON.**

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## Sankey Wheel survives backward skid at 70 m.p.h.

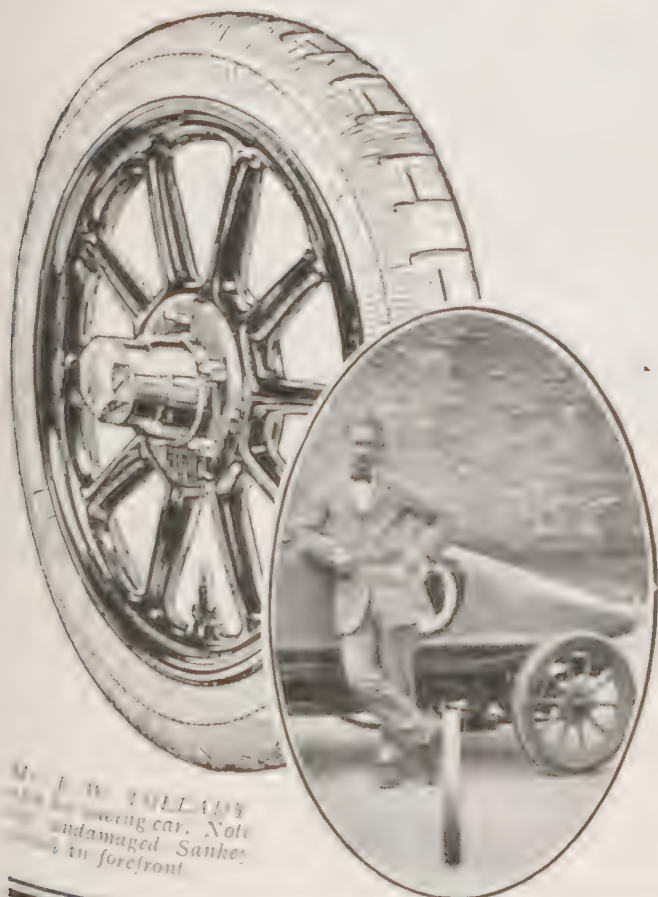
*"SAVED MY LIFE." — REMARKABLE  
TESTIMONY FROM A RACING MOTORIST.*

The Layton Garages, 90, High Street, Oxford.

Dear Sirs—In my opinion the wheel in the forefront of the photograph saved my life. I was testing the car at Brooklands. When going at full speed—the actual lap speed was 77½ m.p.h.—a tyre burst on the near side front wheel, with the result that the car was completely out of control, and turned instantly as on a pivot in the reverse direction, immediately afterwards again turning, thus describing at a full throttle a capital "S" backwards. On the top end of the "S" the car came into contact with the outer palisading of the track and turned two lightning circles.

My object in sending you the photograph is in order that you may know the wheel, although without a tyre, managed to stand up and remain true in spite of the terrible strain that was thrown on it. I do feel that except for this brave little wheel fatality would have overtaken me.

I am, Gentlemen, with all gratitude, J. W. TOLLADY.



*Photo of J. W. TOLLADY's racing car. Note undamaged Sankey wheel in forefront.*

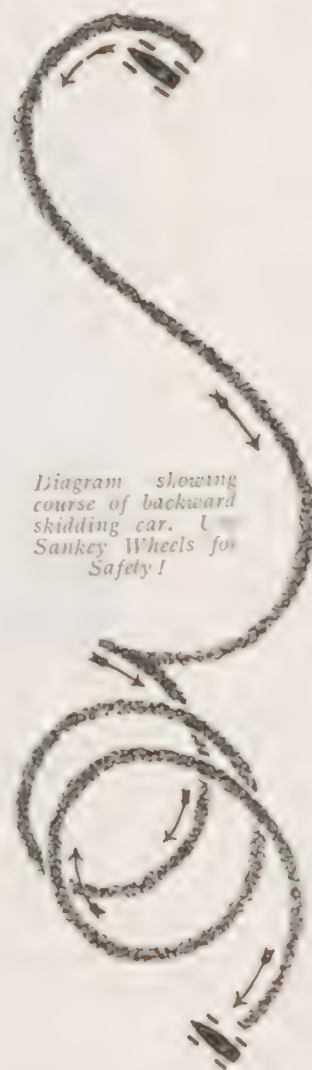
# SANKEY wheels

### FOR SAFETY

Joseph Sankey & Sons, Limited

HADLEY CASTLE WORKS, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE

Telephone: Wellington, Shropshire 66 Telegrams: "Sankey, Wellington, Shropshire."





1782  
miles

## DUNLOP CORD TYRES

were used throughout the double 12 hours. Like the car itself they gave not the slightest trouble.

## The "NO-TROUBLE" TYRES

# S. F. EDGE'S

## Great performance

IN his record-breaking double 12-hours' run at Brooklands on July 19th-20th, Mr. Edge completed, without an involuntary stop, 1782 miles 1066 yards at 74.27 m.p.h. The 33.5 h.p. standard 6-cyl. Spyker car ran with absolute regularity. 61 records were broken.

## —and another

General Reliability Trial (Royal Netherlands Auto Club), 1920. Standard model 6-cyl. Spyker covered 18,630 kilometres in one uninterrupted run of 36 days and nights.

*Spyker*

The  
Trouble-free  
Car

N.V. SPYKER, LIMITED,  
33, DUKE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telegrams: "Rekyps, St. James, London"  
Telephone: Regent 4966



## TERRESTRIAL

For hundreds of miles the officially recorded times show that the Spyker car never varied one second per lap.



## CELESTIAL

Such regularity can only be compared with the ordained movements of the Celestial Bodies through their prescribed orbits.



THAT COUPON—BY A CAPTIOUS CRITIC!

# THE BENEFIT OF BEING INSURED.

By A. M. Alexander.

*How full advantage may be taken of the benefits accruing to the registered reader.*

**T**HANK goodness, my head is quite normal to-day, but yesterday morning I awakened from a heavy slumber feeling like nothing on earth. I admit it was the natural consequence of the entertainment which had been given the previous evening in my honour by two very good sportsmen whom I met a month previously under peculiar circumstances. It was entirely a bachelor affair. The motive which inspired them to honour me was to endeavour to repay me—as they said—in a small way, and without hurting my feelings again, for services which they maintained I had rendered them and the constant reiteration of which became quite embarrassing.

We dined and wineed at the Splitz, then went on to a show, and finished up the evening in the flat occupied by the elder of them. That, briefly, was the cause, and the effect I have also explained.

With as much brevity, I will recount the services for which I was fêted.

I am a regular reader of the *Daily Windbag*, and as such availed myself of the opportunity provided to register under this newspaper's insurance scheme against accidents of every description by merely filling up the coupon which it prints each day.

Having done this, I went about my daily occupation with a light heart and an easy gait, and wrapped myself within that smug complacency which so commonly envelops those whose perspicacity, foresight and acumen have—in their own estimation—enabled them to build well and pass on heedless of adversity and of the ill-fortune of their neighbours.

"Safety first" no longer interested me. What mat-

tered it that I met with an accident? Was I not insured? Meditating in this manner as I was crossing Trafalgar Square, my abstraction was suddenly arrested by a shout of "Hoi!" In an instant I perceived the situation. A large car was upon me. I hesitated. The driver swerved to the right to avoid me, but the slippery surface of the road caused the car to skid. And, with the (usual) thickening sud, it hit me. I just recollect a blinding crash, the sound of rending steel—then no more.

Two days later I regained consciousness and found myself in bed in a strange room, which the nurse told me was in—Hospital, whither they had conveyed me.

My injuries were not likely to be fatal; nor, as a matter of fact, were they very serious. I was badly bruised and shaken; no bones to speak of were broken; a few joints here and there were found dislocated; and my phrenologist would not have recognised me.

Having ascertained these details, I asked the nurse to communicate with

the Editor of the *Windbag*, apprising him of my situation. In reply he expressed his delight at the information and at once dispatched a reporter with a first instalment of the benefit. The thirty "bob" was paid up regularly during the ensuing three weeks; and photographs of me, before and after the accident, were published broadcast in the *Windbag* and associated papers, with a full account of myself, my antecedents, my habits and previous convictions.

The morning after I regained consciousness one of the doctors told me that the car which had swerved and knocked me down had been badly smashed, through being run into by a second car travelling behind it; that the second car was also rendered useless; and that the owners of both, who were driving at the time, had been repeatedly inquiring to ascertain my condition, and—with his permission—they were calling that afternoon to see me.

This they did, and, arranging themselves one on each side of my bed, they poured forth their explanations.

It appeared that, owing to tightness of money, trade depression and its daily expounded corollaries, they had been unable to dispose of their old cars, but both being readers of *The Sublimes*, they had insured their respective cars under its motor insurance scheme, and now, through my intervention, they were going to buy new ones with the insurance money which had been promptly paid.

Then and there it was they arranged that dinner at the Splitz.

We are now contemplating the starting of an agency specialising in this line of business. However, nothing is yet definitely settled.



*Miss Phyllis Dare believes in being thorough. Ability to steer and change gear does not alone qualify one to take sole charge of the wheel.*



# HOW AUTOMOBILE FASHIONS HAVE—



ALTHOUGH we do not notice the changes greatly from day to day and even from year to year, progress in automobile matters is fairly rapid, and a car of twenty years or so ago appears rather to belong to the age of crinolines than to the mere yesterday that such a short period seems to some of us. Below, for instance, we illustrate a modern Napier town carriage, beautiful in its simplicity of line and assurance of comfort and efficiency; and, in contrast, the mass of complication which was the Napier of 1900.



Simplicity again characterises the outline of the modern Lanchester saloon, above; but it is interesting to note that although we may look upon the 1901 model, also shown, as a mere contraption, some of the principal features of its design are still used in an improved form.



There is little to connect the "wagonette" arrangement with the luxurious Daimler limousine above it, and yet the difference is only the result of twenty-odd years of development. Needless to say, the early model was produced before Mr. "Silent" Knight introduced the sleeve valve.

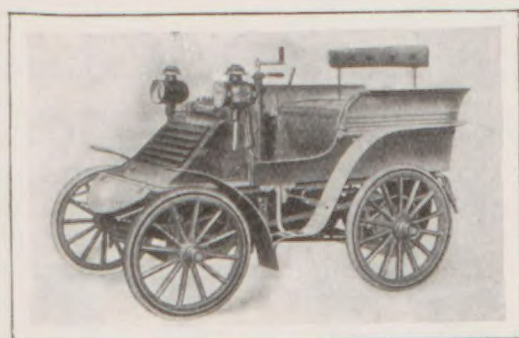
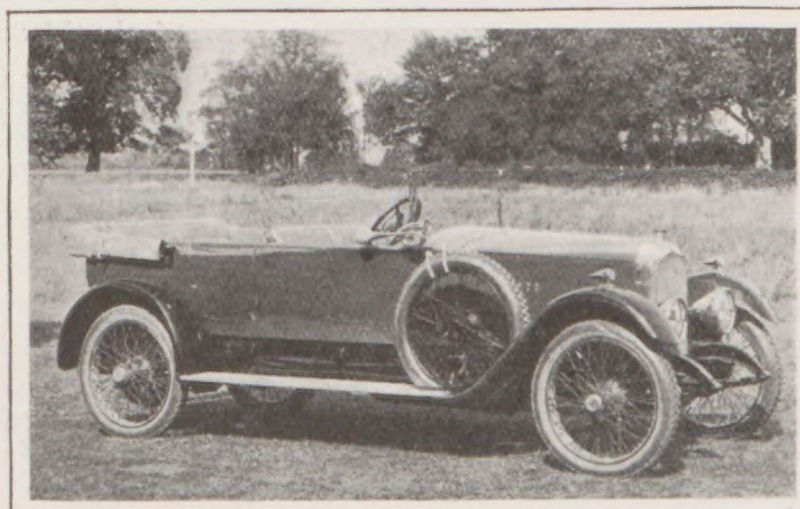
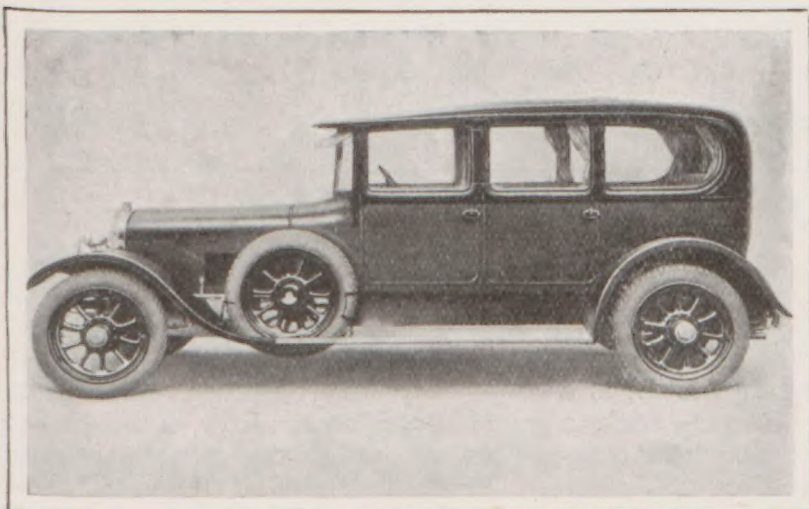


WHERE DO OLD CARS GO

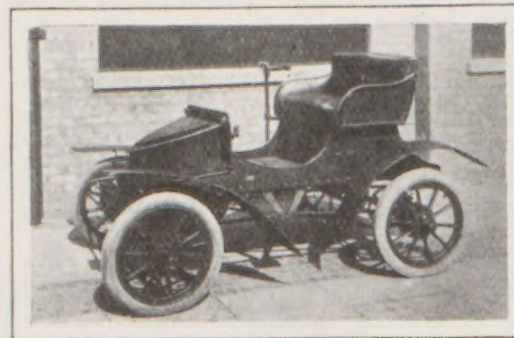
IN THEIR WINTER-TIME?



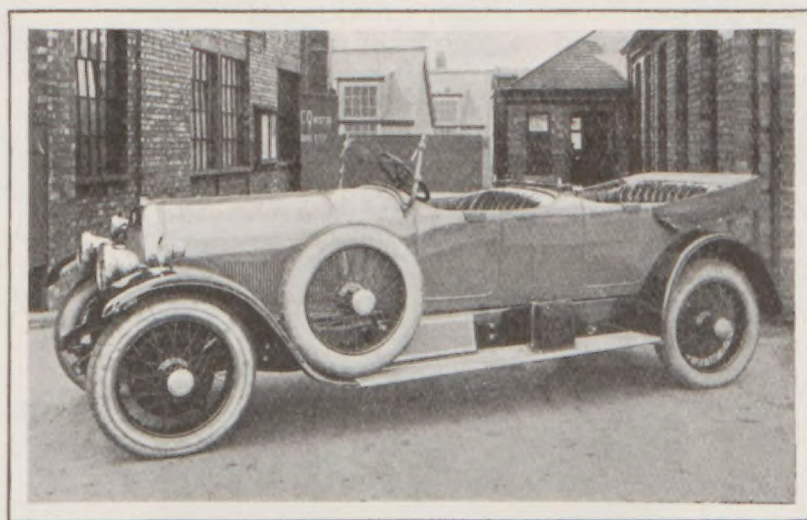
# — CHANGED IN A SCORE OF YEARS.



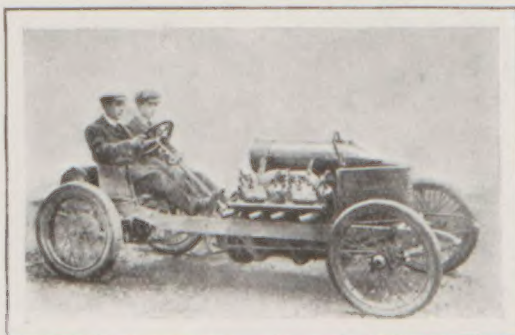
BY way of a change, a racing car is introduced into this series of contrasts—the 200 h.p. Darracq of 1906, or less than twenty years ago. How does this compare with the trim little car that won the 200 miles race last autumn, or, for that matter, with that embodiment of touring comfort, the modern Talbot-Darracq, illustrated above it? Once more, the tendency over the years has obviously been towards simplification, at any rate in appearances, and very notably so in regard to racing car externals.



The long wheel-base and beautifully harmonised curves of the six-cylinder Sunbeam shown above by comparison make the sturdy original car of that make seem rather an ugly duckling. The owner of the latter probably derived as great a joy from his possession, however, as does the fortunate possessor of a modern "24."



The Vauxhall is in a class by itself in that the genesis of the distinctive modern bonnet and radiator is distinctly traceable in the shield-shaped bonnet-top of the old 5 h.p. car illustrated. The lithe grace of the 1922 Vauxhall, however, is not forecasted in its quaint little forerunner.



STRANGE TO SAY, SOME

ARE STILL IN USE TO-DAY.



## BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES.

*One of the Men of the Moment—Some Further World Records  
— New Models and Useful Books — and Oil—New and Good.*

### ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS.

During the Barcelona International Motor Exhibition, the Lanchester 40 h.p. chassis was the object of congratulations from H.M. King Alfonso when he visited the stand of the Lanchester Company's agent.

### INDEPENDENT OPINIONS.

*Some Opinions by the Press* is the title of an attractive and interesting publication just released by the Humber Co. Without fear or favour, the unbiased opinions of independent motoring authorities are openly laid before the public eye, each containing sound advice to the prospective buyer.

### A PRIVATE EXHIBITION.

An unusually fine range of Daimler and B.S.A. cars, comprising over a dozen different styles of coachwork, and ranging from the twin air-cooled B.S.A. to the luxuriously appointed limousine mounted on 45 h.p. Daimler chassis, are at present on view at the showrooms of Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., 27, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Prospective automobile owners should certainly visit these showrooms.

### A NEW SERVICE STATION.

Long known as the world's largest service station for Ford cars, International Motors, Ltd., Brook Green, Hammersmith, has now become the National Service Station for Dodge vehicles. Their immense facilities at Brook Green will in future be devoted exclusively to the sale and service of Dodge cars, which have earned such an enviable reputation for reliable and economical service in the past.

### A GOOD BOOKLET.

A very descriptive and compact handbook on the Lanchester 40 h.p. model has just been issued. Neat and well bound, it contains a veritable budget of information on the general care and upkeep of the car, and copies can be obtained upon application to the Lanchester Motor Company, Armourer Street, Birmingham.

### OIL—NEW AND GOOD.

The Texas Oil Company, Ltd., is a huge concern in the States, with a highly honoured name. Speaking comparatively, their lubricating oils come as a novelty to British users. But, judging by the practical tests we have been making, Texaco oil should soon make an equally honoured reputation in this country. We find it excellent from all standpoints.

### WANTED—COMMON SENSE.

The R.A.C. has had a note from the County Surveyor of Westmorland, complaining that motorists are frequently removing large coping stones from walls in the Lake District, particularly in the vicinity of Kirkstone and Scotch Jeans. An appeal is made to motorists to refrain from this practice, which not only causes damage to the walls but constitutes a source of danger to following traffic.



Optimism is "rare and refreshing fruit" in these days. An excellent example, backed by sound judgment, is furnished by Mr. Geo. G. Mitcheson, the managing director of the Service Motor Co., Ltd., who has recently added to his Albert car activities the sole sales concession for a larger brother—to wit, the Cubitt.

### A VALUABLE ASSET.

Full of descriptive information, Morris Motors, Ltd., have just issued a very smart brochure concerning their different models. Handy and convenient, it should prove a valuable asset to Morris Owners, and particularly to any about to buy a light car.

### BRITISH WORLD'S RECORD.

At the Speed Trials on Saltburn Sands held recently by the Yorkshire Auto. Club, Captain Malcolm Campbell obtained another world's record for the Sunbeam Company. He completed the flying kilometre, in the race for cars of unlimited capacity, in 17 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs., and recorded a speed of over 134 m.p.h.

### FOR FOREIGN MOTORISTS.

A very useful booklet has been prepared by the Automobile Association which will undoubtedly be of great service to foreign motorists coming to England. Printed in English, French and Spanish, it gives a concise résumé of the Ministry of Transport Regulations, and tells the motorist what to do and how to do it.

### STILL MORE SUCCESSES.

The interest of the public has been aroused in the regular twice-a-day return flights between Croydon and Paris, which began on May 1st. The lubricating oil, on which so much depends in flight, is Wakefield Castrol. Castrol was also adopted by 14 Gold Medallists out of 23 and 7 Silver Medallists out of 10 in the recent London to Holyhead trial, and the Sunbeam car used this lubricant when making records a short while back.

### ANOTHER FILLING STATION.

A long-felt want in the vicinity of Fulham has been supplied by the new Ideal Auto. Service Filling Station, recently opened in the High Street. Completely equipped with every modern appliance, spares and accessories, this station should prove a distinct advantage to the motorist. Shell, Pratt's, B.P., or Benzole is served by the popular Bowser Pump system.



After all has been said and done, the

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it will do on the Road

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any other motor spirit—a popularity gained  
solely by reason of its high quality, real  
economy and dependability.

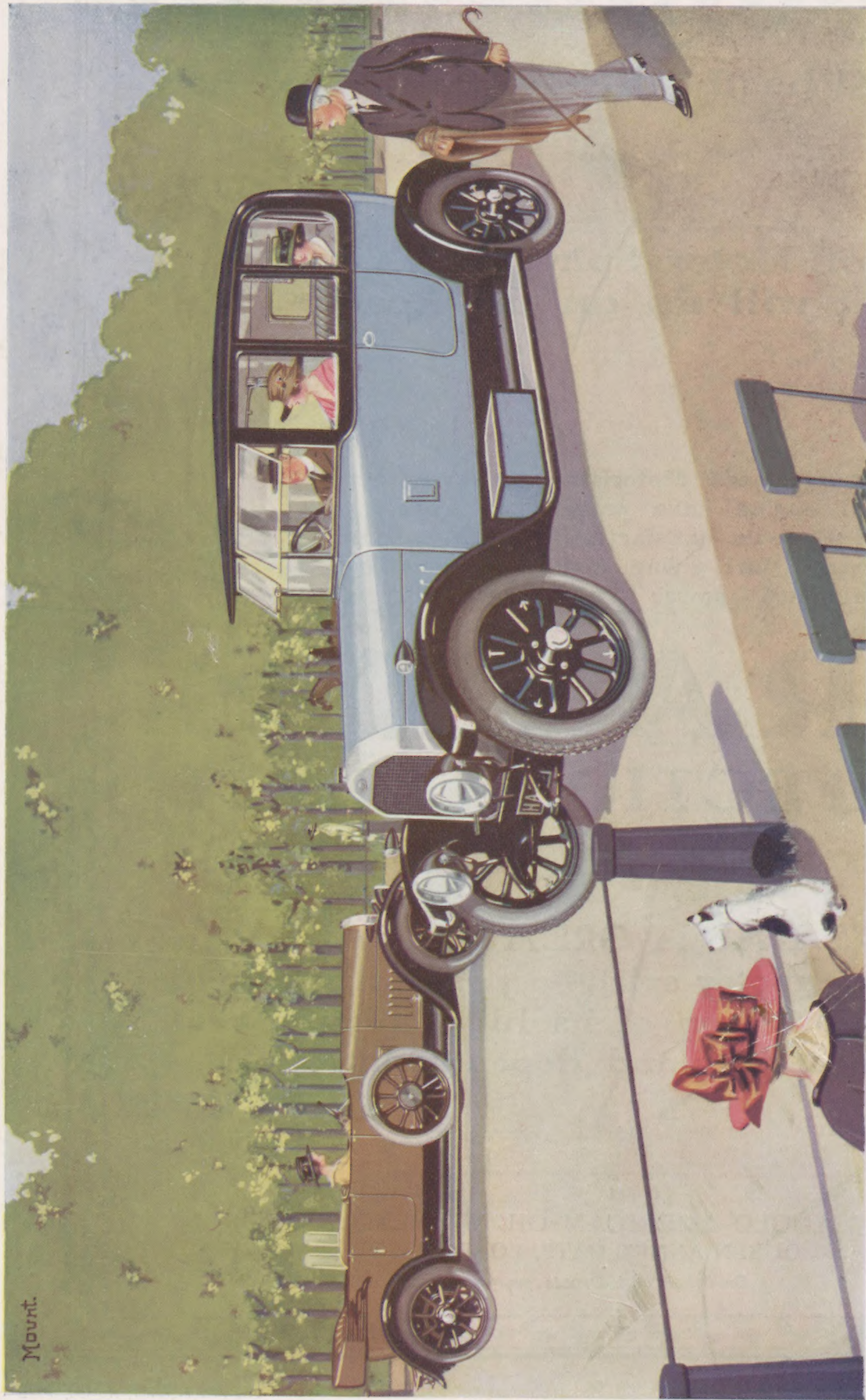
*EVERY GARAGE STOCKS PRATT'S  
—insist on having it always.*

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD.  
36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

*Branches and Depots everywhere.*



Mount.



## ELEGANCE

The privilege of luxurious and trouble-free motoring enjoyed by Humber Car owners is provided for by the exceptional care and attention-to-details policy which is ever the dominating factor in the construction of Humber Cars. The mechanical perfection and full power of the Humber Engine, the distinctive, elegant lines of each model, and the unequalled finish of the coachwork combine to provide for Humber Owners a quality of atmosphere in motoring which, once experienced, nothing else will satisfy.

*Art Catalogue and Brochure of "Press Opinions" will be sent on request.*

# Humber

HUMBER LIMITED COVENTRY